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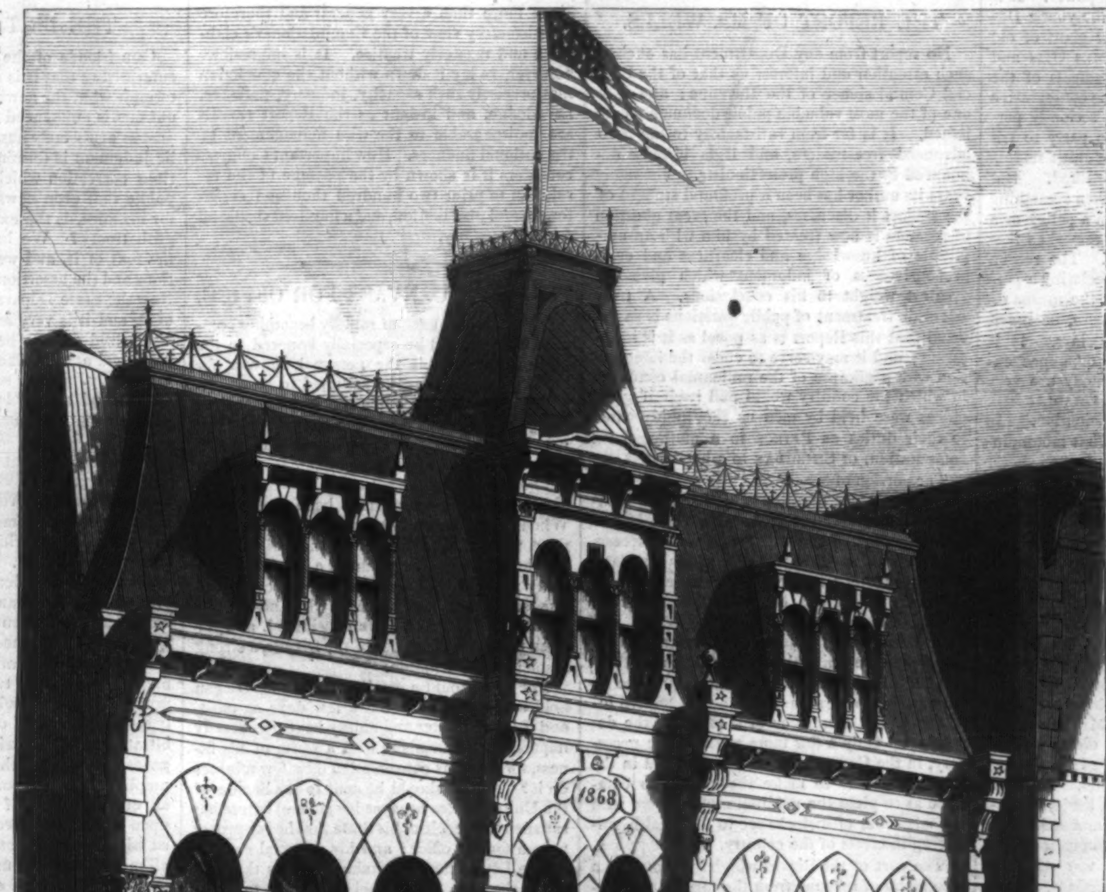
THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO.

This elegant and commodious building, of which we give an illustration on this page, has been recently erected for the use of the Young Men's Christian Association in San Francisco. It is located on Suttee Street, and has a frontage of 54 feet with 120 feet depth. It consists of a basement and two stories, with a Mansard roof overlooked by a tower, and contains a reading-room, lecture-hall, a library, and lodging and bath rooms. There is also a gymnasium connected with the building. The front is built of blue sandstone wrought after the Venetian style. The building and lot cost $75,000.

"THE LONG SLEEP."

On first glancing at this touching picture—and only at the first glance—some uncertainty may be felt as to M. Rivière's intention, so ambiguous is the title (though, of course, on reflection, it must appear most significant and appropriate), and such excellent taste has the artist evinced in avoiding any of the more painful indications of death. For that the awful and mysterious counterpart of sleep—that sleep from which the soul only awakes, "the long sleep" of death—is represented, admits not of a moment's doubt. Death, in the welcome guise of tranquil, customary sleep, has come at last, as Friend and Liberator, to that aged shepherd in his chair. Every thing intimates the peaceful, not untimely, close of a long life spent in a monotonous round of humble duty with little to cheer, and none left to solace, or even now to mourn its ending, save the mute creatures, sole sharers of his cares and hearth. Perhaps the poor shepherd passed the village church-yard last evening, faint, worn, and infirm, and thought of death in sure and certain hope as he gazed wistfully toward the grave of her who had followed the dear ones gone before, or had alone remained to him after their probably enforced departure to tend flocks on wide Australian plains or prairies of the Far West—she who had perhaps till lately welcomed him, constant as sundown, with blazing hearth and boiling kettle. Alas! since then he has had himself to prepare the eventide meal, however fatigued with watching or recovering the lost sheep of his flock. At length came the preparations for a meal of which he was never to partake. The fire burned up briskly, the kettle sang cheerfully, as usual, and the tired shepherd composed himself for a short nap while yet he should have to wait. But now the fire is gray and dead and cold, like him who put to it the living spark; the kettle has boiled out, its contents have vanished like his expired breath; and it has fallen on its side. The night stole on, and the dogs slunk to their corner without their wonted feed and caress. The night wore away without sound or sign from the sleeper. The life-giving, awakening rays of a new-born sun pour in at the casement, but they do not vivify or rouse the late slumberer. Yet—so gentle was the stroke of Death, so quietly did the spirit pass away—they reveal no change in his attitude: save, perhaps, that the head has sunk a little lower; the chest propping the jaw, which would have fallen. With instinctive apprehension the dumb animals try, by licking face or hands, and by uneasy, mournful whine, to waken their master. But in vain—in vain! The Night has come and enveloped him with its shadows. He is sleeping "the long sleep." His waiting and watching are forever ended. He will never more call those faithful companions of his solitude to the pastures on hill or plain; never more will they hear his voice—never more do his bidding. His sheep are left without a shepherd; he himself is gathered to the fold of the Good Shepherd.



THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

THE COLORED CONVENTION.

The object of the National Convention of colored men, recently in session at Washington, was to inquire into the actual condition of the negro race in this country, and to consider the political and social problems which that race has to encounter as the result of emancipation. At the close of the Convention, on the morning of January 19, the Convention sent a committee of twelve to call upon General Grant. Mr. Langton, the Chairman, addressed the General as follows:

General Grant:—In the name of 4,000,000 of American citizens; in the name of 700,000 electors of African descent—electors who braved threats, who defied intimidation, whose numbers have been reduced by assassination and murder in their efforts in the exercise of a franchise guaranteed by American law to every one clothed in the full livery of American citizenship, to secure in the late Presidential canvass the election of the nominees of the National Republican party to the high places to which they were named, we, the accredited delegates of the National Convention of Colored Men, the sessions of which in this city have just closed, come to present to you our congratulations upon your election to the Presidency of the United States. Permit us, General, to express, in this connection, our confidence in your ability and determination to so execute the laws already enacted by our National Congress as to conserve and protect the life, the liberty, and the rights, no less of the humblest subject of the Government than those of the most exalted and influential. Called as you are to fill the Chair of State, your duties will be arduous and trying, and (especially since in this reconstruction period of the Government, removing the rubbish, the accretions of the now dead slaveholding oligarchy) you will administer the government according to the principles of morals and law announced by the fathers. In advance we bring to you, General, as a pledge of our devotion to our common country and Government, the liveliest sympathy of the colored people of the nation, and in their name we express the hope that all things connected with the administration of the Government, upon which you are so soon to enter as our Chief Magistrate, may be, under Providence, so ordered for the maintenance of law and the conservation of freedom, that your name, written high on the scroll of honor and fame, may go down to posterity, glorious and immortal, associated with the names of your illustrious predecessors in the Great Chair of State—Washington and Lincoln. Again, General, we express our congratulations.

To this address General Grant replied:

I thank the Convention, of which you are the representative, for the confidence they have expressed, and I hope sincerely that the colored people of the Nation may receive every protection which the laws give to them. They shall have my efforts to secure such protection. They should prove by their acts, their advancement, prosperity, and obedience to the laws, worthy of all privileges the Government has bestowed upon them; and by their future conduct prove themselves deserving of all they now claim.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1869.

THE SITUATION.

THE political character of the Senators just elected in various States shows, as is generally stated, that the radical sentiment of the dominant party still controls it. But the radical sentiment of a party generally controls it, and this is no truer of the Republican than of the Democratic party. In this State Mr. MORGAN was undoubtedly fatally injured as a candidate by his old political intimacy with Mr. WEED and Mr. SEWARD, and Mr. FENTON was elected, who was never friendly to Mr. WEED, and who has been always the favorite of the radical sentiment. But the Democrats showed the same tendency in casting a vote of honor for Mr. HENRY C. MURPHY as Senator: a man of high character and acknowledged ability and accomplishment, but who holds the extreme Democratic view of the colored race. So, during the war and at its last National Convention, the Democratic party was under the control of its radical element.

Indeed, the radical element is the positive aggressive influence in a party. It is that which fights its battles and brings it into power. It is its heroic element—the spirit of the young David who challenges the towering giant of old tradition. SAM ADAMS and JAMES OTIS and the Sons of Liberty were the radicals of the ante-Revolutionary Colonies. The conservative element in a party would never seriously perplex an opposition nor carry the party to triumph. Indeed, the conservative spirit seldom appears until the party is established. But when it acquires responsibility, when something more than unsparing assault upon a policy or a principle is demanded, then it is remarked that all parties become conservative. The reason is evident. Instead of broadly declaring a purpose, the party must now consult the means of attaining it. There will, therefore, be inevitable perplexities, alternatives, delays. It is discovered, for instance, that to denounce extravagance and to practice economy are very different things. Out of power, CHARLES FOX loudly demands Catholic emancipation. In power, CHARLES FOX discovers what mountainous difficulties are in the way.

But political radicalism is never a very precise term. We say that the election of the Senators shows the predominant radicalism of the party, yet certainly the man who uses that phrase does not mean the extremest view in the party; it is merely the view that tends toward the extreme, rather than toward the other party. Thus it is probable that Mr. WEED would have preferred to remain a Whig, but he was too sagacious not to see that Whigs must choose either to become Republicans, or to go to the Democrats, or to sink into political cynicism with Democratic tendencies. Mr. WEED became a Republican, but, as an old Whig, the hostility to slavery which was the vital element of the party was unnatural to him. Many of the most earnest members and leaders of his new party were old Democrats, and some were old abolitionists. Both were repugnant to him. Therefore, when the inevitable war came, he was almost as bitter toward radicals as toward rebels; and when the crisis was reached, and safely passed in the Emancipation Proclamation, he was sure that it was an act of unspeakable folly which had ruined the Union cause.

Mr. WEED illustrated the tendency toward the other party; Mr. SUMNER and Mr. CHASE, both of whom he cordially disliked, the radical tendency toward the extreme Republican view, seeking the same end as the abolitionists, but under constitutional forms. Of course, when politics merged in war, the latter spirit became supreme, and has controlled the country ever since. Its present force is shown by the selection of Senators. That spirit is at bottom the true American spirit of fair play and equal rights. It holds the Government firmly now, and, as we said last week, will continue to hold it upon one condition, and that is that it proves its faith by its works. If it loses power it will be a wanton act. No party in the country was ever more trusted, and more justly trusted, than the Republican. The old Democratic party, in its most powerful day, was never intrenched in the heart and conscience of the American people. It was a negative, not a positive, attachment. The Whigs were held to be the heirs of the old Federalists. They were called a silk-stocking party, a bank party, an expensive party, an aristocracy. They could be opposed only by the Democratic party, and the opposition rallied to that standard, for there was no other. But the feeling of the Democratic party for ANDREW JACKSON, contrasted with that of the Republican party for ABRAHAM LINCOLN when he had fully proved himself, illustrates the difference. When JACKSON died, and VAN BUREN, MARCY, BENTON, CASS, and CALHOUN were the party magnates, it had prodigious power, but the intelligence of the American people neither respected nor loved it. It had no great, inspiring principle; but all its talent, all its force, were devoted to perpetuating a vast and most infamous injustice.

The people, as the elections constantly show, will not readily restore to power a party which has heretofore been so recreant to humanity; and seeing where its present strength lies, and the character of its course where it has unquestioned ascendency, they will not easily turn away from a party whose formative principle was equal rights, and whose traditions are emancipation and the salvation of the Union. But neither of those are the questions of today. It is with parties as with individuals. Not all the past services of Mr. SEWARD can win for him to-day the confidence of those who once trusted and followed him. Not all the splendid achievements of the Republican party can retain for it the public trust if its own action repels it. If Congress should be wasteful and profuse, if it should show ignorance of its plain duty, if legislation should be partial and extravagant, if the public service should be corrupt, and money notoriously carry the elections in which the party prevailed—if, in a word, the party action should show that it had forgotten its own great principles of honesty and justice, no loud assertion of extreme views, no spurious radicalism of sentiment trying to supplant the real radicalism of intelligence and honesty, could avert the fate of all who are weighed in the balance and found wanting.

THE REPORT OF MR. WELLS.

No report from any Department has excited such attention and interest as that of the Special Commissioner of the Revenue: and it is one of the most valuable public documents ever issued. It is far from satisfactory to the most advanced free-traders, and it is bitterly denounced by the high protectionists. For many years its author has been a profound student of the subject it discusses, and the great question of revenue is now treated by him with an amplitude of knowledge and clearness and comprehensiveness of judgment which give the greatest weight to his conclusions. A truly scientific treatment of public questions is so unusual that this Report is as novel as it is interesting; and it may serve to cheer the imagination with a glimpse of the millennial condition in which the country would find itself if great offices were held by men as thoroughly equal to their duties as PEIRCE to a mathematical computation, or SHERIDAN to a battle.

The portion of Mr. WELLS's Report which relates to internal taxation will doubtless command very general assent. He regards the system as one of the wisest and most successful measures of the war. While the war lasted the tax was not regarded by a majority of producers as onerous, but when the war ended extensive modifications became necessary, and have been wisely made. The reforms have occasioned the relinquishment of at least $170,000,000 of annual revenue, but they have so strengthened and stimulated the productive interests of the country as to make good the deficiency. Only a few more changes are necessary, in the Commissioner's opinion, and in the same direction—to make the system so complete as to yield the maximum of revenue with the minimum of disturbance to the wealth-producing interests of the country.

The part of the Report which is devoted to a discussion of revenue from the tariff is remarkable for its strictly temperate and dispassionate tone. Indeed, Mr. WELLS comes to the discussion not as a protectionist or as a free-trader, but as a man of science, as a scientific statesman. What view do the facts justify when considered in their largest and subtlest relation? This is the simple question which he asks and answers. There must be a revenue, to begin with. Indirect taxation is more agreeable and more just. To obtain sufficient revenue there must be an average of duties so high as to afford all that can be reasonably demanded for protection; and as more revenue is wanted than the tax upon acknowledged luxuries alone will supply, the rest of the tax may properly be adjusted to favor those branches of industry most exposed to foreign competition. But the adjustment for the latter purpose must be decided upon the closest and most ample observation and reflection, and not upon the urgency of specific industrial interests. Mr. WELLS shows conclusively that the financial systems of the great European states are not founded upon abstract theories of humanity and justice, but upon views of enlightened self-interest; in other words, that they are really systems of protection. Thus in Great Britain any other policy than Free Trade would swell the cost of manufacturing by increasing the price of food and raw material, and thus directly benefit the foreign competitor. Yet, as we understand the Free Trade argument, it does not deny the proposition so forcibly stated by Mr. WELLS. It merely alleges that perfect freedom of industry and exchange is necessarily the highest interest of every nation.

The Report proceeds to show by a curious variety of statistics that the present tariff fails in a great degree to check importations or to give desirable protection. This result the Commissioner attributes to ignorance and the consultation of specific interests instead of the general welfare. The consequence is, that while commerce is really exchange in kind for mutual benefit, our tariff system has so raised the cost of all domestic products that such exchange has become almost impossible, and we have to send out of the country gold and silver, which the foreigner least wishes, and which we can least afford to spare. Mr. WELLS, therefore, earnestly protests against any further general increase of the tariff, and recommends an enlargement of the free list; a reduction of some rates of duty, and, as an exception, the increase of a few others as a means of revenue; a reduction of some rates with a view to their abolition, and the conversion as far as possible of the present *ad valorem* duties into specifics, to insure certainty and equality in assessment and the prevention of undervaluation, and, finally, a prohibition of the individual privilege of travelers to import freely goods corresponding to their supposed social position.

The Commissioner enters at some length into the general question of the national credit and the return to a specie currency, and a most valuable letter is added to the Report upon the currencies of Great Britain, France, and the United States, by GEORGE WALKER, lately a Bank Commissioner of Massachusetts—a deeply-versed student and competent authority upon the subject. Indeed, the topics which the Report touches are discussed so concisely and pointedly that it is difficult to give in a brief space more than a very general and therefore unsatisfactory view of the Commissioner's elaborate and masterly treatise. It is impossible, however, to lay it down without the conviction that precisely such sagacity, industry, patience, knowledge, and insight as the Report reveals are indispensable to the wise management of the national finances. How important Congress considers it is shown by the passage of the resolution to print two hundred thousand copies for general distribution, and a hundred thousand for the Treasury.

PERSONAL CANVASS FOR OFFICE.

THERE is one custom rapidly becoming common which would be especially honored in the breach, and that is the personal canvass for high office. It must be assumed to be as disagreeable to the gentlemen concerned as to their fellow-citizens whose opinion they would most value; and nothing but very extraordinary considerations should bring a candidate for Senator, for instance, into the situation in which many candidates for Senator have been lately seen. When a Legislature is about to elect a Senator, the coming of candidates, with their friends and henchmen, occupying rooms at a hotel, to which every member who can be coaxed is carried to a personal interview, suggests, when all the circumstances of the case are considered, and the often notorious character of the friends, a strong suspicion of corruption.

For why should a candidate come? He can hold a constant levee but a few days at most, and if his character and ability have not already impressed the members with a sense of his fitness, how can his conversation for a few minutes do it? A man should be sent to the Senate of the United States because his general career has satisfied the people of his State that he is a proper person for the office; and his personal canvass of the Legislature inevitably assumes that this is not the case. It should be enough to throw very grave doubts upon a candidate's character that he appears upon the eve of such an election to hold private interviews with the members of the Legislature.

Of course when a man is nominated to the House of Representatives he may very properly canvass his district. He is often selected for his ability in publicly discussing the questions of the hour, and he goes upon the stump not alone to secure his own election, but to prove the superiority of the principles and policy of his party. But it is not so with a Senatorial election. The party result is a foregone conclusion. The choice wavers between members of the same party. There is therefore no discussion of principles—it is a question of candidates merely, and the candidate who is not willing to rest upon the general confidence in his character and fitness is the candidate who ought to be rejected.

It is not easy to imagine a legitimate occasion for such a personal canvass as we describe, and yet it is becoming a matter of course. Senators, obeying what they consider an unhappy necessity, leave their places in Congress when important business presses, hasten to the capitals of their States, and cover themselves with unhandsome suspicion, because no truly creditable reason can be assigned for their conduct. Opposing candidates also appear. Is the Legislature to decide between them upon points of personal appearance or manner, or is the choice to be decided by intrigue or money? A Senator was lately elected in this State. Were the circumstances preceding that event, even although the candidates were not personally responsible for them, such as to commend them to the sincere respect of honorable men? Besides the presence of the candidates, besides the notorious and shameless bribery which was practiced in their name, although we have certainly no right to say by their authority, the public business of the State was delayed for three weeks by the postponement of the appointment of the Legislative Committees until after the Senatorial election. The Speaker is a gentleman of character and intelligence; he must, therefore, all the more plainly perceive the painful suspicion to which his delay necessarily gave rise. It at least afforded opportunity to those who would improve it to make promises in regard to places which were only bribes and meant to be bribes.

Senators FOLGER and MURPHY, of this State, used to repel with indignation in the Constitutional Convention the insinuation that there was great legislative corruption. Like the old poet, they looked into their own hearts and spoke. But we should like to know their theory of postponing the appointment of the committees. We seem to be coming to a point where public honor is a disgrace. Success in political life is becoming presumptive evidence of knavery. "Have you been to the Albany auction?" said one gentleman, alluding to the Senatorial contest. It may seem a hazardous assertion, but there is a public opinion in this country which requires self-respect in public life, and which feels that a man is truly honored in being chosen Senator only when, as in the case of CHARLES SUMNER, his election and his re-election are unsought and unbought.

THE BRITISH TREATY.

OUR friends of the daily papers are so very enterprising that it is sometimes difficult to determine what the news really is. Some important fact is announced with great emphasis, and just as every body has mastered it and the public judgment is forming, there follows some serious correction which impressively warns the public that even newspapers may err. What, for instance, is the exact scope of the new English treaty? We have had what was called the text of it, and we have had the modifications and the assertions that it was not the text. Now the State Department has absolute control of it, and it is very foolish to allow any but an authorized copy to be published, if it is to be published at all. There is, indeed, no occasion for secrecy. When such a paper has been concluded and signed by the agents of the two governments, the sooner its details are known the better.

But the copy that has been published and corrected probably contains the substance of the treaty, which is very simple. It is an agreement for the settlement of claims against the two governments which have arisen since the last treaty in 1853. Each government is to name two Commissioners, and these four an arbitrator. If they can not agree they will each name one, and when his services are required it shall be determined by lot which of the two it shall be, and the arbitrator's decision is to be final. But if any two of the Commissioners prefer, in any particular case, that some friendly sovereign or head of a government should arbitrate, the Commissioners shall report to their governments, and they shall decide upon the umpire. The Commission is of course to hear all evidence, and, if demanded, one advocate upon each side. Every claim must be presented within six months of the first meeting, and all money awarded must be paid in coin, without interest, within eighteen months from the decision. The ratifications of the treaty must be exchanged within twelve months from the date of signing, which was the 14th of January, 1869.

Of course in such a treaty the point upon which Mr. SEWARD was understood to insist so strenuously is verbally, at least, waived. Great Britain does not openly concede that the concession of maritime belligerent rights to the Southern States was wrong. If she did concede it, the American claim, as the *Nation* very truly remarks, would be at once the total sum of our maritime losses during the war. But this concession is really made practicable by the treaty, for the essential question can not be avoided. Claims will be made for losses by ships that were entertained in British ports. The reply will be that they were belligerents; the rejoinder, that they were not lawful belligerents; and here is the crucial question directly presented. But the umpire is to decide, and the governments are to regard his decision as final. This is, in fact, leaving to the umpire the settlement of the grave point of international law, whether maritime rights of war shall be granted to a belligerent without a port, and who is compelled to destroy his prizes at sea. If they may be, foreign governments may concede such maritime rights to the Indians, upon whom we are now making war, and it will be for Great Britain to determine whether she wishes to abide by such a principle.

The duty of the umpire is plainly most important, but we are inclined to think that he may as well decide the question. The United States are certainly not very much imperiled by a judgment either way. If the arbitrator concludes that the action of the British Government was wrong our claims are paid, and that government is convicted of a most humiliating blunder. If he decides the other way, the commerce of England will be annihilated whenever another Abyssinian or Indian war be-

gins. There can be little doubt which decision the British Government would prefer. So far, then, the proposed treaty is a skillful surrender of that government upon the essential point. It doubtless feels that its position is untenable, and would be disastrous to itself; therefore, under the dry form of leaving a specific claim for damages to be settled by an arbitrator, it forecasts his decision and yields in advance. There is another vital point in the treaty. If by claims of British subjects upon this government is meant the toleration by the United States, as a subject of serious debate, of the demands of any class of holders of rebel obligations of any kind, the rejection of the treaty should be immediate and emphatic, and the Minister who has so abused his position should be instantly recalled. This is the first point to determine; but if the treaty does not contain this gross insult, it does not seem to us that the United States will suffer by its ratification.

CHEESE.

AT the late meeting of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture Mr. X. A. WILLARD, of Utica, in New York, read a very interesting paper upon cheese and cheese-making, which was full of valuable information. Probably it will astonish most persons to know that the annual product of the dairy in the State of New York is more valuable than that of the grain fields. Nearly half of all the cheese made in the country during the last year was from this State, and Mr. WILLARD, who, although clearly an enthusiast, is not unwisely warm, is of opinion that the dairy is the chief agricultural interest of New York. The glory of the Genesee is not departed, it is only changed. "On either side the river lie long fields of barley and of rye," but it is in the cow-yard that we must now look for the gold mine.

The export of American cheese during the last year was 55,000,000 pounds. England is the great consumer. It is there considered both wholesome and economical, and more nutritive than butter. Of course it will be supposed that only the laborers, who can afford to have no meat, take this cheerful view of cheese. But Mr. WILLARD informs us that a pound of cheese is twice as nutritive as a pound of steak, and he thinks that the American laborer will yet be of this opinion. Indeed no one who has remarked the enormous quantity of cheese consumed during the haying season, the hardest period of the annual agricultural work, by the stoutest eaters, and those who need the heartiest food, will be inclined to disbelieve Mr. WILLARD'S statement. He is evidently talking of a subject of which he has made himself a master.

In regard to the general question of production Mr. WILLARD does not favor exclusive dairy farming, but a system of which the dairy is the chief interest. And the young dairyman is to remark that the richest milk does not always make the best cheese, and that cows which produce the largest quantity of milk are not upon the whole the most profitable. A cow that produces five to six hundred pounds of cheese in the year is better than one producing eight or nine hundred pounds. There was such a thing in hen-culture as a fowl so frantically devoted to her master's interests that she laid herself away. And it appears that it is possible for a cow to disappear through her own udders—although this is by no means the explanation which Mr. WILLARD gives of the point.

Although England has been the great cheese-making as well as cheese-eating country, no good book upon the mystery has been published, because, as Mr. WILLARD remarks, good cheese-makers are not generally good writers; and there is a careful concealment of the precious secret of the best methods in English dairies. But, despite it all, the cheese of republican America—as might be supposed—is better than that of England—which is merely a constitutional monarchy—although a few brands, such as the Chedder, may, for the sake of international courtesy, if not of truth, be admitted to be superior to ours. And the secret of the uniform excellence of British cheese is the exceeding neatness of the interior arrangements of the dairies. The best of them are carefully guarded, not only from dirt of every kind, but from offensive odors. The gentleman fresh from the barn-yard and redolent of manure, is not permitted, upon the best farms, to enter the sacred precincts of the dairy, but conduits are provided by which the pure milk is conducted from the outside; while hog-pens and other rankly disagreeable quarters of the farm are carefully removed from the dairy.

But the superiority of English dairies, where it exists, is not due to better instruments. Indeed, the English are much less convenient and excellent than ours, although no churn, even in New York, is upon the whole better or more preferred by experts than the old-fashioned dash-churn. And Mr. WILLARD insists with eloquence upon oval-bottomed tin pails for carrying milk. The ordinary pails, especially those of wood, however carefully washed, retain enough of the elements of fermentation to contaminate the sweet milk put into them. The use of such pails has cost us millions of dollars, and if we would save our milk and our money, we must remember the oval-bottomed tin pails.

It is pleasant to see that the virtues are always economical. Mr. WILLARD tells us that, in the treatment of cows, nothing pays so well as kindness. The nervousness of cows, when frightened, affects the milk. There must, therefore, be no kicking nor abusing the animals, and no racing or dogging them to the stalls. Honesty also is profitable in the dairy. To mix dirty or diseased milk with the good taints the cheese and impoverishes the cheese-maker. Mr. WILLARD estimates that twenty-five dollars per acre was the average income from dairy-farming in his part of the State, Oneida County, during the last year, and he believes that we are upon the eve of great improvements, not only in this specific branch of industry, but in the whole art of agriculture.

"A SECRET CHAPTER OF HISTORY."

IF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE had never been born or if CHARLEMAGNE had been an idiot—what then? This kind of profound and useful inquiry is suggested by the revelation of what is called "a secret chapter of history" during the war. A long story is told to the effect that, while General GRANT was before Vicksburg and General BANKS before Port Hudson, the latter was ordered to supersede the former and virtually declined, wherefore the success, the greatness, the Presidency of General GRANT are owing to the forbearance of General BANKS. The story is clumsily told because the real point is not made apparent. The emphasis is laid upon the forbearance of General BANKS, when it should be laid upon the reason of it; namely, that while President LINCOLN and the great authorities of the Government had lost faith in the hero of Donelson and Shiloh, one person—who in view of a new Cabinet shall be severely nameless—recognized the essential greatness and confessed his own inferiority.

It certainly does not seem very surprising that General BANKS, after his unfortunate military experience, should have preferred not to add to it what was supposed to be the foregone conclusion of a repulse at Vicksburg; and if the authorities at Washington ever thought of asking him, as a soldier, to do what they thought General GRANT could not do, we can only be the more devoutly grateful for our final triumph. The story as told is wholly improbable, and the only real interest about it is the inquiry why it is told just at this time, and why the report, which contains BURLEIGH'S most solemn nod, is telegraphed from Washington, that General BANKS states that he never authorized the publication of the story. That is a most suspiciously pregnant negative.

The most ludicrous interpretation of the present publication of the story is, that it is an attempt to raise General BANKS to the Cabinet. But suppose it to be literally true—suppose that General BANKS was ordered to supersede General GRANT, and delayed or declined, what then? It by no means follows that he did it from any perception of GRANT'S ability, or from any desire to do him a service. His action was just as likely to be due to a wish to keep himself out of the scrape into which General GRANT was supposed to have fallen. But let us assume the most favorable view to General BANKS; let us agree that he did recognize the military genius of GRANT, and for that reason remonstrated against superseding him. Such an act under the circumstances would very naturally be considered a friendly act by General GRANT, but what has it to do with the Cabinet? In what way does it prove the kind of character and capacity that the President properly seeks? For suppose, again, that the order had been sent to General BANKS, and he had instantly obeyed it and had superseded General GRANT, is it probable that the result would have been what it was, that Vicksburg would have fallen, and that the subsequent career of GRANT would have been BANKS'S?

Probably nobody thinks so. But if not, the reasoning is that because General BANKS was conscious that he was not a great soldier, he should be made Secretary of War. Self-knowledge is certainly valuable in a Secretary of War, but if every soldier who felt that GRANT was his military superior should be called into the Cabinet, that body would be very numerous. Whether the story as told be false or true, it has nothing whatever to do with General BANKS'S fitness for a place in the Cabinet, and its publication can not, in that view, have been of the least service to him.

WANTED A KING.

SPAIN is apparently about to undertake a remarkable experiment. The elections have returned an overwhelming majority of delegates in favor of a monarchy. But the old monarchy has been overthrown, and there must be a king and royal family found for the occasion. Various Barkises have been named; but the most original suggestion is that of the *Tribune's* correspondent, that a senator of the United States might be agreeable to one of the Spanish parties now looking out for a monarch. The DUKE OF AOSTA, the heir-apparent of Italy, is said to be willing to renounce his Italian heritage and to take his chance in Spain; while the DUKE OF MONTPENSIER thinks that he is rather the best candidate who has yet offered.

If an ex-Senator of the United States would answer, the supply is so ample that our own peace might be disturbed by a Spanish war of the succession. But why not an ex-President? All that we have are of the true-blue Bourbon school. Mr. FILLMORE would make a most presentable monarch. Mr. PIERCE could bring his military prestige, and if the rule of contraries should prevail, and in royal questions it generally seems to prevail, it might be urged that, as they were both very poor Presidents, they may prove to be very good Kings. But a still fresher hand is Mr. JOHNSON, who will be at complete leisure after the 4th of March. There can be no objection to him upon the Bourbon score, at least. Imagine also how grateful it would be to him to address his faithful subjects and exclaim, "Bless you, my children, I am swinging around the entire circle of human honor. I began as Alderman of my native village. I have been Representative of my district, Governor of my State, Senator, Vice-President, and President of the United States, and King of Spain. I do not despair of being Sultan of Turkey, and why not Pope of Rome? I will now leave with you as a political curiosity a few copies of the Constitution of my country which I have rescued from the clutches of a body hanging upon the verge of its government, and then proceed to call your attention to My Policy." Happy Spain! Happy King JOHNSON! But such visions are too good to be true.

It is a little late to improvise a monarchy, and at a time when the political convictions of the world are seriously turning to popular governments, to play at Kings and Queens. The device of crowning any nobleman or any military chieftain is trivial. The only way to try the experiment is to select some scion of the old royal house, however remote, and place him or her upon the throne, with a popular Constitution. The citizen-king was of the royal family, and so was the wife of WILLIAM III. The times will not tolerate any parvenu or pinchbeck royalty, unless there is another NAPOLEON BONAPARTE to be found—and if there were, he would already have crowned himself. Tradition is essential to monarchy. The whole thing is a pageant, but it has its conditions. No King PRIM nor King ESPARTERO will answer. Nothing will serve but some European or American Bourbon.

LITERARY.

"Cast Up by the Sea," just published by HARPER & BROTHERS, is a story from the pen of Sir SAMUEL W. BAKER, the distinguished traveler and author of the "Albert N'yanza Great Basin of the Nile," "Eight Years' Wandering in Ceylon," etc. This work is unabridged and unaltered, and contains ten beautiful illustrations. It is the only perfect and illustrated edition published in this country. The story is well written, and is the most intensely exciting narrative of adventure which has been published for many years. The following "Dedication" by the author shows the character and purpose of the work:

"Since the publication of 'Albert N'yanza' and the 'Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia,' I have received numerous letters from boys to whom I was entirely unknown, and who are at this moment unknown to me except through their spontaneous correspondence. Their letters were written in the youthful enthusiasm of the moment, when, having shared in the excitement of our African journeys, they had closed the book, and, full of sympathy, they wrote to me effusions which I prize as the outburst of boyish admiration for a successful struggle with difficulties.

"As a proof of the value that I attach to these warm expressions of interest taken by the young in our past adventures, I now dedicate to all boys (from eight years old to eighty) a story of fiction, combined with certain facts, that will, I trust, relieve the dreariness of a long Christmas evening.

"At the same time that I have endeavored to avoid all improbabilities, I must apologize for having taken an astronomical liberty in producing an eclipse of the sun which is not in the almanac."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 18:

In the Senate, Mr. Sherman reported from the Finance Committee a bill legalizing coin contracts. It appropriates one hundred and forty millions annually out of the Custom receipts, to be applied to the payment of the interest and reduction from the principal of the public debt, in lieu of the sinking fund heretofore authorized. A provision is made for a change of legal-tender notes for five per cent. ten-forty gold bonds; gold notes to be issued to the amount of coin in the Treasury for the purchase of six per cent. securities in the city of New York; but the amount of such notes shall only equal the amount of legal notes surrendered for bonds. The last section authorizes banks to issue demand notes, payable in coin to the extent of sixty-five per cent. on bonds deposited by them, regardless of the present limitation of three hundred millions.

In the House, a resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Public Expenditures to investigate the terms of the contract made with Wells, Fargo, & Co. for the transportation of the overland mails, and the manner of its fulfillment. A resolution was adopted, 90 to 67, that in the present condition of national finances Congress ought not to vote any more subsidies in bonds or money to railroad corporations or local enterprises, but that the whole resources of the country should be so directed as to relieve the people from the burdens of taxation. Several amendments were adopted to the Naval Appropriation bill, which was then passed.—A resolution was adopted, directing the Controller of the Currency to report to the House what National Banks had been allowed to exchange gold-bearing interest bonds for the currency bonds issued to the Pacific Railroad, also what banks had relinquished their charters as National Banks, and were doing business under State charters, still retaining their circulation as National Banks.—Mr. Boutwell reported from the Committee on Reconstruction the Senate joint resolution providing that persons now holding office under the Provisional Governments of Virginia and Texas, who can not take the test oath, shall be removed, and the vacancies filled by the District Commanders. An amendment recommended by the Committee provides that the resolution shall not affect those officers who have been relieved from their political disabilities, and that the act shall take effect thirty days after its passage. The amendment was agreed to and the resolution passed.

January 19:

In the Senate a resolution was adopted calling upon the President for information relative to the fisheries acquired by the purchase of Alaska.—The bill regulating the tariff on copper was passed.

In the House, a resolution to print 200,000 copies of Commissioner Wells's Report was adopted.—A bill was passed to preserve the purity of elections in the territories, 61 to 54.—The Senate substitute for the House bill regulating judicial proceedings in certain cases was passed. It provides for the transfer from State to Federal Courts of all suits brought against common carriers for property destroyed *in transitu* in consequence of the late rebellion.

January 21:

In the House, a bill was passed to regulate the franking privilege. It requires all persons at present entitled to this privilege to attach their autograph to all matter sent by mail.—A bill was passed relieving from their political disabilities a number of persons in the Southern States.—A number of pension bills, reported from the committee, were disposed of.—A resolution was adopted instructing a select committee to inquire what legislation is necessary to provide for the taking of the ninth census.

January 22:

In the House, a bill was passed providing for the representation of the Southern States in appointments to the Naval Academy.—The contested Anderson-Switzler case was so decided that Mr. Anderson retains his seat.

NEWS ITEMS.

It appears that two clerks were burned to death in the Caldwell jewelry store recently destroyed by fire in Philadelphia.

The Indiana Legislature has elected Hon. D. D. Pratt as Senator in place of Hendricks. Seven other States elected Senators January 19, as follows: New York elected ex-Governer Fenton; Massachusetts, for the fourth term, elected Charles Sumner; Maine elected Hannibal Hamlin; Missouri elected Carl Schurz; Pennsylvania elected John Scott (Republican) in place of the present Democratic Senator, Mr. Buckalew; Delaware elected two Senators, Messrs. Bayard and Bayard (father and son), the former to fill the unexpired term of Senator Riddle, deceased, and the latter to be the successor of his father after the 4th of March, for six years; Michigan, for the third term, elected Zachariah Chandler, who has served in the Senate since the retirement of Lewis Cass; Minnesota elected for the second term Alexander Ramsey.

During nine months of the past year there were 11,571 deaths in tenement houses, out of a total of less than 20,000 in this city.

The President has withdrawn his nomination of Perry Fuller for Collector of the Port of New Orleans, and sent in the name of William H. Weisner. He has also nominated Colonels Buchanan and Gillem to be Brigadier-Generals in the Regular Army in place of General Hooker, retired, and General Rousseau, deceased.

Rothermel's painting, "The Reception at the White House," which was pronounced by art-critics so excellent for its portraitures, was destroyed by the fire in the Derby Athenæum on the 19th of January. It was intended to be presented to General Grant on the occasion of his inauguration.

During the last year 3000 school-houses have been erected in West Virginia. Throughout the South fresh interest is being manifested in the establishment of schools. The Peabody fund is accomplishing important results.

Governor Brownlow, of Tennessee, is about to organize and arm two thousand militia for the suppression of the Ku-Klux.

The New Hampshire Democratic Convention have nominated John Bedell for Governor.

Half of the business portion of Troy, Pennsylvania, was destroyed by fire January 24.

The British bark *Cadet* arrived at Philadelphia January 24, after a voyage of 105 days from Liverpool. The crew had suffered terribly from starvation, having started with only 35 days' provisions, and would have starved to death had they not been able to hail another vessel, from which they received supplies.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE death of Leopold Ferdinand, Prince Royal of Belgium and Duke of Brabant, has been announced.

Advices from the Western States of Mexico represent that the dissatisfaction with the Juarez Government is becoming more general, and that Generals Diaz, Negrete, Ortega, Alatorno, and others, are at the head of a formidable movement having for its object the overthrow of Juarez.

The Spanish Government has authorized Cuba to send eighteen representatives to the Constituent Cortes, and the Island of Porto Rico eleven.

The young Marquis of Bute, who recently came of age and into the possession of $1,500,000 of annual income, has become a convert to the Church of Rome.

The French Corps Legislatif was opened by the Emperor January 18.

Dispatches from India report that sharp shocks of earthquake have been felt in Calcutta and Assam.

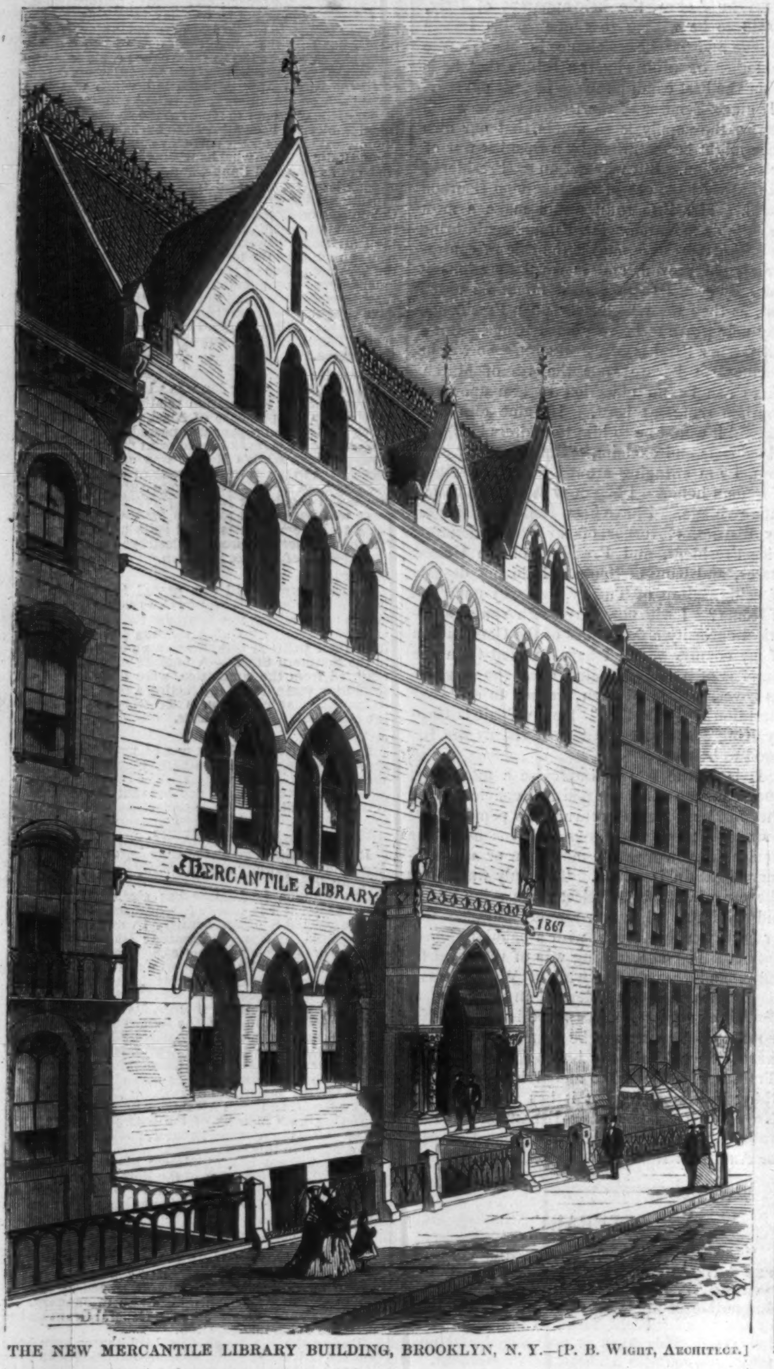
In December an entire settlement in New Zealand was destroyed, and the inhabitants tortured and put to death by the rebel Maoris. Thirty-three persons in all were killed.

It is reported, on the authority of a Parisian journal —the *Gaulois*—that Greece has refused agreement to the terms of the late Conference.

It is stated by the *Chronique des Arts* that there are altogether about twenty millions of volumes in the public libraries of Europe. In France there are about 6,233,000—or nearly one-third of the whole; in Italy 4,150,000; in Great Britain 1,772,000.

The Nineteenth Œcumenical Council will be held in Rome this year, and preparations are being made to make the meeting a great success. It is stated that already "many archbishops and bishops have set out from various distant parts of the globe to be present at the first session of this vast assembly, which, like the multitude at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, will consist of 'Parthians, Medes, and Elamites, and inhabitants of Mesopotamia, Judea, and Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, Egypt, and the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews also, and proselytes, Cretes, and Arabians.'"

The Council is to be called the Council of Rome, and Romanists believe that it will be second to no assembly that has ever sat. Among those who received an invitation to be present at the forthcoming Council was the Patriarch of Constantinople; but the Patriarch declines.



THE NEW MERCANTILE LIBRARY BUILDING, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—[P. B. Wight, Architect.]

MERCANTILE LIBRARY BUILDING, BROOKLYN.

The new Mercantile Library building of Brooklyn was formally opened on the evening of the 18th of January. The visitors on this occasion were addressed by Mr. James Frothingham, Chairman of the Building Committee, to whose enterprise it is largely due that this magnificent structure has been erected. He gave an interesting account of the progress of the enterprise since 1862. The first subscription was of $5000 by Mr. Chittenden; by December, 1864, there had been raised $30,000, and by the next February $80,000. Mr. Chittenden then doubled his subscription, provided the necessary sum should be subscribed by June. In May, 1865, the subscription had reached $125,000. The Library building alone cost $125,000, and the office buildings on each side cost $25,000. The entire cost of ground and buildings was $227,600. This was all paid but $20,390. Twelve thousand five hundred dollars was subscribed on the spot. The main building fronts 75 feet on Montague Street, near the City Hall. The architecture is modern Gothic, and the building of red brick. The entrance is by a lofty porch, supported upon variegated marble pillars. A wide hall leads to the lecture and general reading room, occupying the rear part of the first-floor. This room is about 60 by 75 feet, and is furnished with tables and stands for newspaper and periodical files, and has a lecture stand at one side. On the left of the entrance-hall, and in front of the lecture-room, is the ladies' reading-room. This is a large and handsomely furnished apartment, where ladies may enjoy the benefits of the library, and at the same time the comforts and even luxuries of their parlors. Opposite this is the ladies' dressing-room. A broad stairway leads from the hall to the second story. On this floor is the library, with shelves enough to accommodate thousands of volumes more than they now contain. The shelves are admirably arranged for convenience of access. The only books at present on the shelves are from the old library. On this floor are the offices and private sitting-room of the Superintendent, Directors, and Trustees.

THE REJECTED STONE.

The curious monumental fragment of which we give a sketch on this page is interesting to our readers on account of its origin, the history of its transmission to Washington, and its subsequent treatment by the present occupants of the White House. A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, some time ago, contributed the following details in regard to this stone. Since this account was written the stone has been removed to the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington.

THE REJECTED STONE.

This Stone was taken from the Tomb of Servius Tullius, and by the Citizens of Rome sent to Washington to be Dedicated to the Memory of Abraham Lincoln.

"Instead of entering the East Room, as you approach it by the usual way, turn to the right and go down a tolerably well-lighted stairway to the level of the basement or cellar of the building. A wide paved hall runs the entire length of the house. On one side a kitchen, store-rooms, and other apartments of similar character. On the opposite are other store-rooms, and besides vaults for coal and for other purposes. Let us enter one of these near the east end of the building. It is perhaps 30 or 40 feet square. In it are the furnaces. The floor is stone. The furnaces are bricked over. There are piles of coal and wood in various parts. It is not tidy, and there is on all sides the litter that belongs to such a place. You shut the door and it is gloomy and quiet, and through the iron bars across the windows you can see the cobwebs and the dust on the panes. The door which leads out into the area on the south is thick and heavy, and barred securely. As you face it there is another door at the right, a heavy one also. If curiosity, or any previous information of what is hidden there, prompts you, open it. It will grate a little on its unused hinges. There is just room to swing it open, as it turns inward, and the small apartment is nearly filled with a variety of trash. You enter part way and then are obliged to shut the door in order to move around. It is a small place, almost like a cell. It may be ten feet long and eight wide. There is one grated window, dim with dust, looking out into an area under a porch. There is an old work-bench, half covered with worn-out coal scuttles, and on the floor are some portions of broken grates and old iron pipes, and a heap of coal and kindling. An old wine-box, half full of musty feathers, evidently pulled out of a ragged cushion which lies on the window-sill beside it. On the coal and kindling is a lot of shavings half mixed with feathers. On that heap of rubbish, in this subterranean cell of the White House, lies a stone with this inscription [see illustration].

"The stone upon which this inscription is cut is a species of red sandstone very similar in texture to that so commonly in use for building purposes in our Eastern cities. Its surface has grown dark by age. A considerable piece has been battered off, and there the grain looks fresh. The block is rectangular, the upper surface being two feet three inches long, by eighteen inches wide, and the thickness about nine inches.

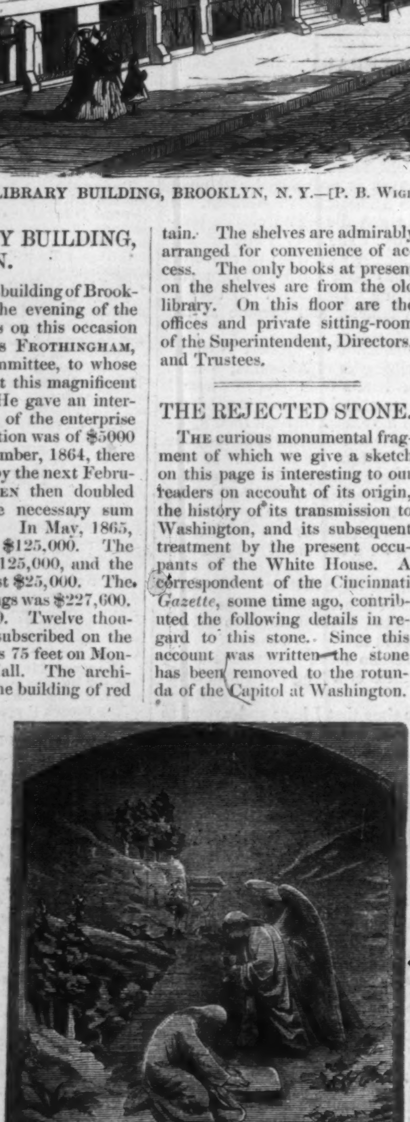
"The translation of the inscription, which will vary slightly with the word for which the letter D in the last line but one is an abbreviation, has been thus rendered:

"'The citizens of Rome dedicate this Stone, taken from the Tomb of Servius Tullius, to Abraham Lincoln, President for the Second Term of the United States of America, by which the Memory of either brave defender of Liberty may be joined to that of the other. A.D. 1865.'

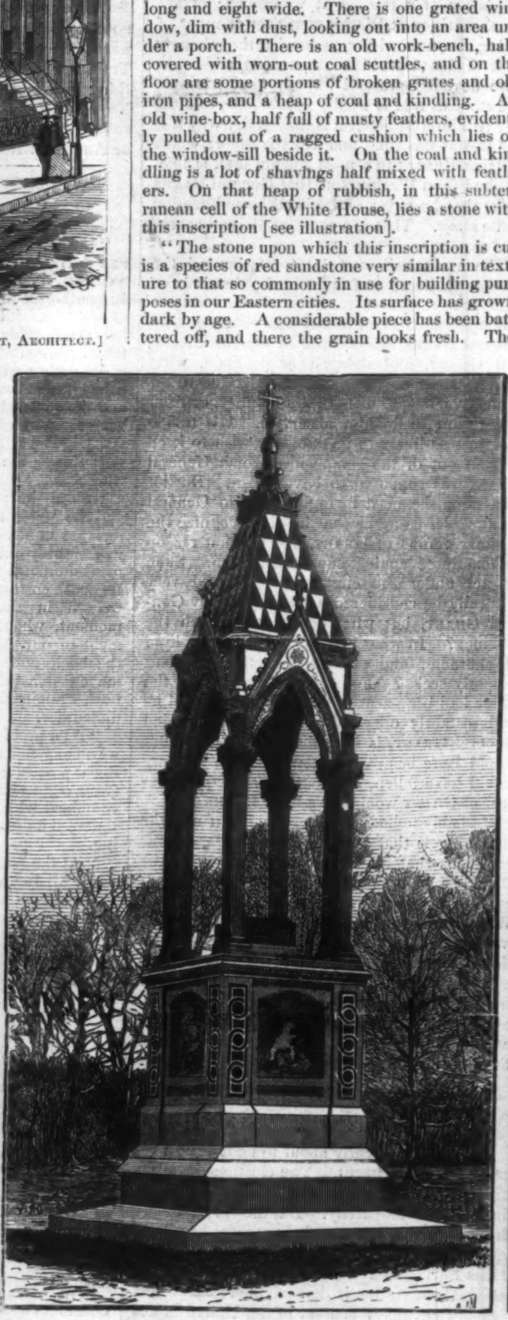
"The story of this block, as told by those about the White House, is as follows:

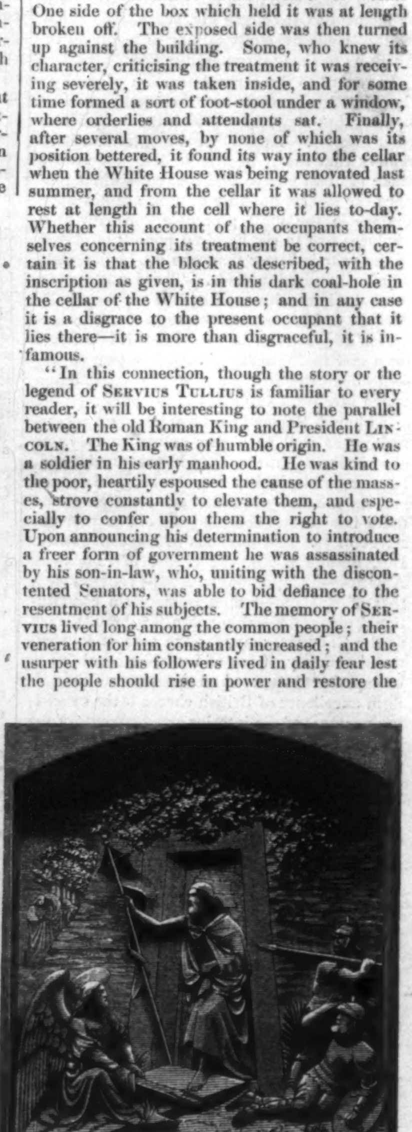
"It arrived in the autumn of 1865 or beginning of 1866. It was allowed to lie on the porch of the White House for a number of weeks. One side of the box which held it was at length broken off. The exposed side was then turned up against the building. Some, who knew its character, criticising the treatment it was receiving severely, it was taken inside, and for some time formed a sort of foot-stool under a window, where orderlies and attendants sat. Finally, after several moves, by none of which was its position bettered, it found its way into the cellar when the White House was being renovated last summer, and from the cellar it was allowed to rest at length in the cell where it lies to-day. Whether this account of the occupants themselves concerning its treatment be correct, certain it is that the block as described, with the inscription as given, is in this dark coal-hole in the cellar of the White House; and in any case it is a disgrace to the present occupant that it lies there—it is more than disgraceful, it is infamous.

"In this connection, though the story or the legend of Servius Tullius is familiar to every reader, it will be interesting to note the parallel between the old Roman King and President Lincoln. The King was of humble origin. He was a soldier in his early manhood. He was kind to the poor, heartily espoused the cause of the masses, strove constantly to elevate them, and especially to confer upon them the right to vote. Upon announcing his determination to introduce a freer form of government he was assassinated by his son-in-law, who, uniting with the discontented Senators, was able to bid defiance to the resentment of his subjects. The memory of Servius lived long among the common people; their veneration for him constantly increased; and the usurper with his followers lived in daily fear lest the people should rise in power and restore the



THE PASSION.





THE RESURRECTION.

THE BEACH MONUMENT, CEDAR HILL CEMETERY, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.—[See Page 87.]

laws of the martyr. From all this the full beauty of the inscription, and the character of the sentiment which prompted the gift, will appear; and stern voices will speak to all from out that past of 2400 years in condemnation of ANDREW JOHNSON'S treatment of Mr. LINCOLN'S memory."

DEVEREUX'S DREAM.

I GIVE you this story only at second-hand; but you have it in substance—and he wasted few words over it—as Paul Devereux told it me.

It was not the only queer story he could have told me about himself if he had chosen, by a good many, I should say. Paul's life had been an eminently unconventional one: the man's face certified to that—hard bronzed, war-worn, seamed and scarred with strange battle-marks—the face of a man who had dared and done most things.

It was not his custom to speak much of what he had done, however. Probably only because he and I were little likely to meet again that he told me this I am free to tell you now.

We had come across one another for the first time for years that afternoon on the Italian Boulevart. Paul had landed a couple of weeks previously at Marseilles, from a long yacht-cruise in southern waters, the monotony of which, we heard, had been agreeably diversified by a little pirate-hunting and slaver-chasing—the evil tongues called it piracy and slave-running; and certainly Devereux was quite equal to either *métier;* and he was about starting on a promising little filibustering expedition across the Atlantic, where the chances were he would be shot, and the certainty was that he would be starved. So perhaps he felt inclined to be a trifle more communicative than usual, as we sat late that night over a blazing pyre of logs and in a cloud of Cavendish. At all events he was, and after this fashion.

I forget now exactly how the subject was led up to. Expression of some philosophic incredulity on my part regarding certain matters, followed by a ten minutes' silence on his side pregnant with unwonted words to come—that was it, perhaps. At last he said, more to himself, it seemed, than to me:

"'Such stuff as dreams are made of.' Well, who knows? You're a Sadducee, Bertie; you call this sort of thing, politely, indigestion. Perhaps you're right. But yet I had a queer dream once."

"Not unlikely," I assented.

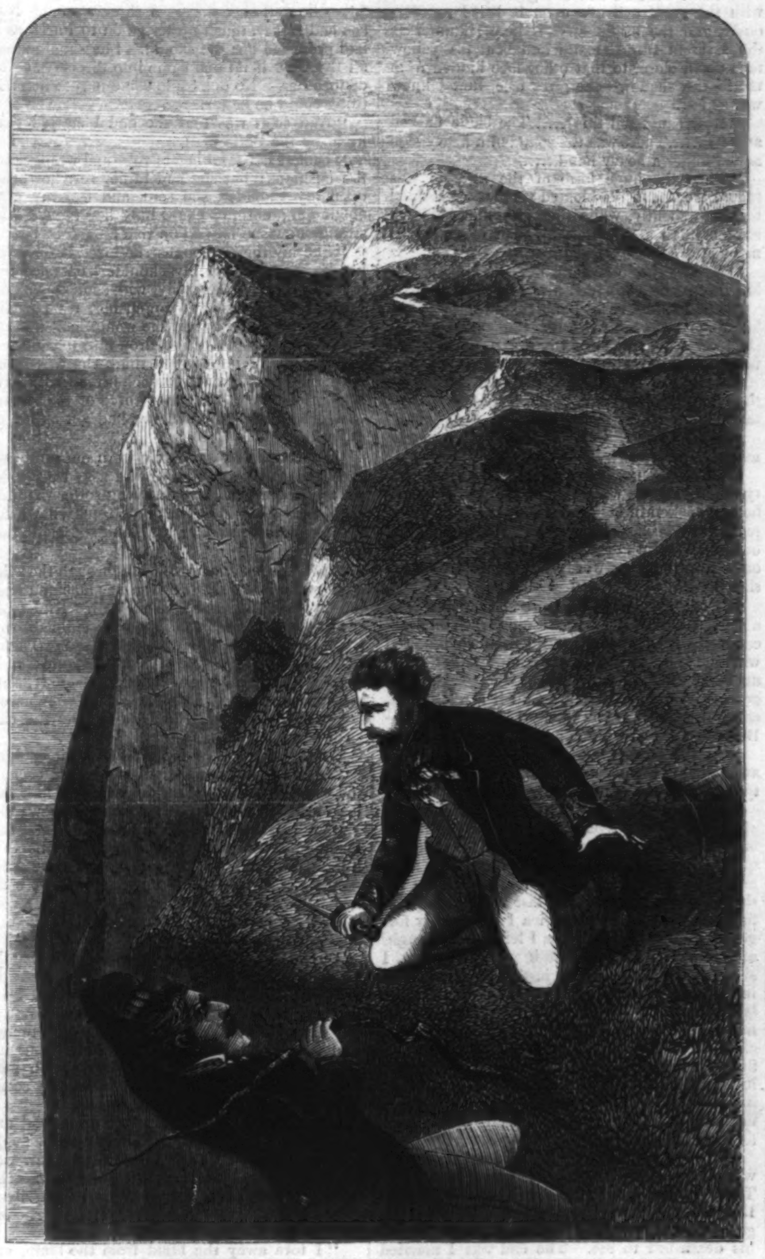
"You're wrong; I never dream, as a rule. But, as I say, I had a queer dream once; and queer because it came literally true three years afterward."

"Queer indeed, Paul."

"Happens to be true. What's queerer still, my dream was the means of my finding a man I owed a long score, and a heavy one, and of my paying him in full."

"Bad for the payee!" I thought.

Paul's face had grown terribly eloquent as he spoke those last words. On a sudden the expression of it changed—another memory was stirring in him. Wonderfully tender the fierce eyes grew; wonderfully tender the faint, sad smile, that was like sunshine on storm-seathed granite. That smile transfigured the man before me.



"AND I KNELT ABOVE HIM, WITH THE KNIFE IN MY HAND THAT WAS STAINED WITH *HER* BLOOD."

"Ah, poor child—poor Lucille!" I heard him mutter.

That was it, was it? So I let him be. Presently he lifted his head. If he had let himself get the least thing out of hand for a moment, he had got back his self-mastery the next.

"I'll tell you that queer story, Bertie, if you like," he said.

The proposition was flatteringly unusual, but the voice was quite his own.

"Somehow I'd sooner talk than think about—*her*," he went on, after a pause.

I nodded. He might talk about this, you see, but *I* couldn't. He began with a question—an odd one:

"Did you ever hear I'd been married?"

Paul Devereux and a wife had always seemed and been to me a most unheard of conjunction. So I laconically said,

"No."

"Well, I was once, years ago. She was my wife—that child—for a week. And then—"

I easily filled up the pause; but, as it happened, I filled it up wrongly; for he added:

"And then she was murdered."

I was not unused to our Paul's stony style of talk; but this last sentence was sufficiently startling.

"Eh?"

"Murdered—in her sleep. They never found the man who did it, either, though I had Durbec and all the Rue de Jérusalem at work. But I forgave them that, for I found the man myself, and killed him."

He was filling his pipe again as he told me this, and he perhaps rammed the Cavendish in a little tighter, but that was all. The thing was a matter of course; I knew my Paul well enough to know that. Of course he killed him.

"Mind you," he continued, kindling the black *brûle-gueule* the while—"mind you, I'd never seen this man before, never known of his existence, except in a way that—however, it was this way:"

He let his grizzled head drop back on the cushions of his chair, and his eyes seemed to see the queer story he was telling enacted once more before him in the red hollows of the fire.

"As I said, it was years ago. I was waiting here in Paris for some fellows who were to join me in a campaign we'd arranged against the African big game. I never was more fit for any thing of that sort than I was then. I only tell you this to show you that the thing can't be accounted for by my nerves having been out of order at all.

"Well, I was dining alone that day, at the Café Anglais. It was late when I sat down to my dinner in the little salon as usual. Only two other men were still lingering over theirs. All the time they staid they bored me so persistently with some confounded story of a murder they were discussing that I was once or twice more than half inclined to tell them so. At last, though, they went away.

"But their talk kept buzzing abominably in my head. When the waiter brought me the evening paper the first thing that caught my eye was a circumstantial account of the *probable* way

THE NATIONAL COLORED CONVENTION IN SESSION AT WASHINGTON, D.C.—SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

the fellow did his murder. I say probable, for they never caught him; and, as you will see directly, they could only suppose how it occurred.

"It seemed that a well-known Paris banker, who was ascertained beyond doubt to have left one station alive and well, and with a couple of hundred thousand francs in a leathern *sac* under his seat, arrived at the next station the train stopped at with his throat cut and *minus* all his money, except a few bank-notes to no great amount, which the assassin had been wise enough to leave behind him. The train was a night express on one of the southern lines; the banker traveled quite alone in a first-class carriage; and the murder must have taken place between midnight and one A.M. next morning. The newspapers supposed—rightly enough, I think—that the murderer must have entered the carriage *from without*, stabbed his victim in his sleep—there were no signs of any struggle—opened the *sac*, taken what he wanted, and retreated, loot and all, by the way he came. I fully indorsed my particular writer's opinion that the murderer was an uncommonly cool and clever individual, especially as I fancy he got clear off and was never afterward laid hands on.

"When I had done that I thought I had done with the affair altogether. Not at all. I was regularly ridden with this confounded murder. You see the banker was rather a swell; every body knew him; and that, of course, made it so shocking. So every body kept talking about him: they were talking about him at the Opera, and over the *baccarat* and *bouillotte* at La Topaze's later. To escape him I went to bed and smoked myself to sleep. And then a queer thing came to pass: I had a dream—I who never dream; and this is what I dreamed:

"I saw a wide, rich country that I knew. A starless night hung over it like a pall. I saw a narrow track running through it, straight, both ways, for leagues. Something sped along this track with a hurtling rush and roar. This something, that at first had looked like a red-eyed devil, with dark sides full of dim fire, resolved itself, as I watched it, presently, into a more conventional night express train. It flew along, though, as no express train ever traveled yet; for all that I was able to keep it quite easily in view. I could count the carriages as they whirled by. One—two—three—four—five—six; but I could only see distinctly into one. Into that one with perfect distinctness. Into that one I seemed forced to look.

"It was the fourth carriage. Two people were in it. They sat in opposite corners; both were sleeping. The one who sat facing forward was a woman—a girl, rather. I could see that; but I couldn't see her face. The blind was drawn across the lamp in the roof, and the light was very dim; moreover, this girl lay back in the shadow. Yet I seemed to know her, and I knew that her face was very fair. She wore a cloak that shrouded her form completely, yet her form was familiar to me.

"The figure opposite to her was a man's. Strangely familiar to me too this figure was. But, as he slept, his head had sunk upon his breast, and the shadow cast upon his face by the low-drawn traveling-cap he wore hid it from me. Yet if I had seemed to know the girl's face, I was certain I knew the man's. But as I could see, so I could remember, neither. And there was an absolute torture in this which I can't explain to you—in this inability, and in my inability to wake them from their sleep.

"From the first I had been conscious of a desire to do that. This desire grew stronger every second. I tried to call to them, and my tongue wouldn't move. I tried to spring toward them, to thrust out my arms and touch them, and my limbs were paralyzed. And then I tried to shut my eyes to what I *knew* must happen, and my eyes were held open and dragged to look on in spite of me. And I saw this:

"I saw the door of the carriage where these two sleepers, whose sleep was so horribly sound, were sitting—I saw this door open, and out of the thick darkness another face look in.

"The light, as I have said, was very dim, but I could see this face as plainly as I can see yours. A large yellow face it was, like a wax mask. The lips were full and lustful and cruel. The eyes were little eyes of an evil gray. Thin yellow streaks marked the absence of the eyebrows; thin yellow hair showed itself under a huge fur traveling-cap. The whole face seemed to grow slowly into absolute distinctness as I looked, by the sort of devilish light that it, as it were, radiated. I had chanced upon a good many damnable visages before then; but there was a cold fiendishness about this one such as I had seen on no man's face, alive or dead, till then.

"The next moment the man this face belonged to was standing in the carriage, that seemed to plunge and sway more furiously, as though to waken them that still slept on. He wore a long fur traveling-robe, girt about the waist with a fur girdle. Abnormally tall and broad as he was, he looked in this dress gigantic. Yet there was a marvelous cat-like lightness and agility about all his movements.

"He bent over the girl lying there helpless in her sleep. I don't make rash bargains as a rule, but I felt I would have given years of my life for five minutes of my lost freedom of limb just then. I tell you the torture was infernal.

"The assassin—I knew he was an assassin—bent a while, gloatingly, over the girl. His great yellow hands were both bare, and on the forefinger of the right hand I could see some great stone blazing like an evil eye. In that right hand there gleamed something else. I saw him draw it slowly from his sleeve, and, as he drew it, turn round and look at the other sleeper with an infernal triumphant malignity and hate the devil himself might have envied. But the man he looked at slept heavily on. And then—God! I feel the agony I felt in my dream then now!—then I saw the great yellow hand, with the great evil eye upon it, lifted murderously, and the bright steel it held shimmer as the assassin turned again and bent his yellow face down closer to that other face hidden from me in the shadow—the girl's face, that I knew was so fair.

"How can I tell this?......The blade flashed and fell......There was the sound of a heavy sigh stifled under a heavy hand......

"Then the huge form of the assassin was reared erect, and the bloated yellow face seemed to laugh silently, while the hand that held the steel pointed at the sleeping man in diabolical menace.

"And so the huge form and the bloated yellow face seemed to fade away while I watched.

"The express rushed and roared through the blinding darkness without; the sleeping man slept on still; till suddenly a strong light fell full upon him, and he woke.

"And then I saw why I had been so certain that I knew him. For, as he lifted his head, I saw his face in the strong light.

"*And the face was my own face; the sleeper was myself.*"

Paul Devereux made a pause in his queer story here. Except when he had spoken of the girl he had spoken in his usual cool, hard way. The pipe he had been smoking all the time was smoked out. He took time to fill another before he went on. I said never a word, for I guessed who the sleeping girl was.

"Well," Paul remarked presently, "that was a devilish queer dream, wasn't it? You'll account for it by telling me I'd been so pestered with the story of the banker's murder that I naturally had nightmare; perhaps, too, that my digestion was out of order. Call it a nightmare, call it dyspepsia, if you like. I *don't*, because—But you'll see why I don't directly.

"At the same moment that my dream-self awoke in my dream, my actual self woke in reality, and with the same ghastly horror.

"I say the *same* horror, for neither then nor afterward could I separate my one self from my other self. They seemed identical, so that this queer dream made a more lasting impression upon me than you'd think. However, in the life I led that sort of thing couldn't last very long. Before I came back from Africa I had utterly forgotten all about it. Before I left Paris, though, and while it was quite fresh in my memory, I sketched the big murderer just as I had seen him in my dream. The great yellow face, the great broad frame in the fur traveling-robe, the great hand with the great evil eye upon it—every thing, carefully and minutely, as though I had been going to paint a portrait that I wanted to make lifelike. I think at the time I had some such intention. If I had, I never fulfilled it. But I made the sketch, as I say, carefully; and then I forgot all about it.

"Time passed—three years nearly. I was wintering in the south of France that year. There it was that I met her—Lucille. Old D'Avray, her father, and I had met before in Algeria. He was dying now. He left the child on his death-bed to me. The end was I married her.

"Poor little thing! I think I might have made her happy—who knows? She used to tell me often she was happy with me. Poor little thing!

"Well, we were to come straight to London. That was Lucille's notion. She wanted to go to my London first—nowhere else. Now I would rather have gone any where else, but naturally I let the child have her way. She seemed nervously eager about it, I remembered afterward—seemed to have a nervous objection to every other place I proposed. But I saw or suspected nothing to make me question her very closely, or the reasons for her preference for our grimy old Pandemonium? What could I suspect? Not the truth. If I only had! If I had only guessed what it was that made her, as she said, long to be safe there already. Safe? What had she to fear with me? Ah, what indeed!

"So we started on our journey to England. It was a cold, dark night early in March. We reached Lyons somewhere about seven. I should have staid there that night but for Lucille. She entreated me so earnestly and with such strange vehemence to go on by the night-mail to Paris, that at last, to satisfy her, I consented; though it struck me unpleasantly at the time that I had let her travel too long already, and that this feverishness was the consequence of over-fatigue. But she became pacified at once when I told her it should be as she wanted; and declared she should sleep perfectly well in the carriage with me beside her. She should feel quite safe then, she said.

"Safe! Where safer? you might ask. Nowhere, I believed. Alone with me—surely nowhere safer. The Paris express was a short train that night; but I managed to secure a compartment for ourselves. I left Lucille in her corner there while I went across to the *buffet* to fill a flask. I was gone barely five minutes; but when I came back the change in the child's face fairly startled me. I had seen it last with the smile it always wore for me on it, looking so childishly happy in the lamplight. Now it was all gray-pale and distorted, and the great blue eyes told me directly with what.

"Fear—sudden, terrible fear—I thought. But *fear?* Fear of what? I asked her. She clung close to me half-sobbing a while before she could answer, and then she told me—nothing. There was nothing the matter; only she had felt a pain—a cruel pain—at her heart, and it had frightened her. Yes, that was it; it had frightened her, but it had passed; and she was well, quite well again now.

"All this time her eyes seemed to be telling me another story, but I said nothing; she was obviously too excited already. I did my best to soothe her, and I succeeded. She told me she felt quite well once more before we started. No, she had rather, much rather go on to Paris, as I had promised her she should. She should sleep all the way, if no one came into the carriage to disturb her. No one could come in? Then nothing could be better.

"And so it was that she and I started that night by the Paris mail.

"I made her up a bed of rugs and wraps upon the cushions; but she had rather rest her head upon my shoulder, she said, and feel my arm about her; nothing could hurt her then. Ah, strange how she harped on that!

"She lay there, then, as she loved best—with her head resting on my shoulder, not sleeping much or soundly; uneasily, with sudden, waking starts, and with glances round her, till I would speak to her. And then she would look up into my face and smile, and so drop into that uneasy sleep again. And I would think she was overtired, that was all, and reproach myself with having let her come on. And three or four hours passed like this, and then we had got as far as Dijon.

"But the child was fairly worn out now, and she offered no opposition when I asked her to let me pillow her head on something softer than my shoulder. So I folded a great thick shawl she was too well cloaked to need, and she made that her pillow.

"We were rushing full swing through the wild, dark night when she lifted up her face and bade me kiss her and bid her sleep well. And I put my arm round her, and kissed the child's loving lips—for the last time while she lived. Then I flung myself on the seat opposite her, and watching her till she slept soundly and peacefully, slept at last myself also. I had drawn the blind across the lamp in the roof, and the light in the carriage was very dim.

"How long I slept I don't know; it couldn't have been more than an hour and a half, because the express was slackening speed for its first halt beyond Dijon. I had slept heavily I knew; but I woke with a sudden, sharp sense of danger that made me broad awake, and strung every nerve in a moment. The sort of feeling you have when you wake on a prairie where you have come across 'Indian sign;' on outpost-duty when your *feldwebel* plucks gently at your cloak. You know what I mean.

"I was on my feet at once. As I said, the light in the carriage was very dim, and the shadow was deepest where Lucille lay. I looked there instinctively. She must have moved in her sleep, for her face was turned away from me; and the cloak I had put so carefully about her had partly fallen off. But she slept on still. Only soundly, very soundly; she scarcely seemed to breathe. And—*did* she breathe?

"A ghastly fear ran through my blood and froze it. I understood why I had wakened. In my nostrils was an awful odor that I knew well enough: I bent over her; I touched her. Her face was very cold; her eyes glared glassily at me; my hands were wet with something. My hands were wet with blood—her blood!

"I tore away the blind from the lamp, and then I could see that my wife of a week lay there stabbed straight to the heart—dead—dead beyond doubting; murdered in her sleep."

Devereux's stern, low voice shook ever so little as he spoke those last words; and we both sat very silent after them for a good while. Only when he could trust his utterance again he went on.

"A curious piece of devilry, wasn't it? That child—whom had she ever harmed? Who could hate her like this? I remember I thought that, in a dull, confused sort of way, when I found myself alone in that carriage with her lying dead on the cushions before me. *Alone* with her—you understand? It was confusing.

"I pass over what immediately followed. The express came duly to a halt; and then I called people to me, and—and the Paris express went on without that particular carriage.

"The inquiry began before some local authority next day. Very little came of it. What could come of it, unless they had convicted *me* o the murder of this child I would have given my own life to save?

"They might have done that at home; but they knew better here, and didn't. They couldn't find me the actual assassin, however; though I believe they did their best. All they found was his weapon, which he must purposely have left behind. I asked for this, and got it. It gave their police no clew; and it gave me none. But I had a fancy for it.

"It was a plain, double-edged, admirably-tempered dagger—a very workmanlike article indeed. On the cross hilt of it I swore one day that I would live thenceforth for one thing alone—the discovery of the murderer of old D'Avray's child, whom I had promised him to care for before all. When I had found this man, whoever he was, I also swore that I would kill him. Kill him myself, you understand; without any of the law's delay or uncertainty, without troubling *bourreau* or hangman. Kill him as he had killed her—to do this was what I meant to live for. There was war to the knife between him and me.

"I started, of course, under one heavy disadvantage. He knew me, probably, whereas I didn't know him at all. When he found that his amiable intention of fixing the crime on me had been frustrated, it must, I imagined, have occurred to him that the said crime might eventually be fixed by me on him. And he had proved himself to be a person who didn't stick at trifles. It behooved me, therefore, to go to work cautiously. But I hadn't fought Indians for nothing; and I *was* very cautious. I waited quiet till I got a clew. It was a curious one; and I got it in this way. It struck me one day, suddenly, that I had heard of a murder precisely similar to this already. I could not at first call the thing to mind; but presently I remembered—my dream. And then I asked myself this: *Had not this murder been done before my eyes three years ago?*

"I came to the conclusion that the circumstances of the murder in my dream were absolutely identical with the circumstances of the actual crime. Yes; the girl whose face in that dream I had never been able to see was Lucille. Yes; the assassin whose face I had seen so plainly in that dream was the real assassin. In short, I believe that the murder had been *rehearsed* before me three years previous to its actual committal.

"Now this sounds rather wild Yet I came to this conviction quite coolly and deliberately. It *was* a conviction. Assuming it to be true, the odds against me grew shorter directly; *for I had the portrait of the man I wanted drawn by myself the day after I had seen him in my dream.* And the original of that portrait was a man not to be easily mistaken, supposing him to exist at all. The day I came across that sketch of him in that old forgotten sketch-book of mine, I was as sure he did exist as that I was alive myself. What I had to do was to find this man, and then I never doubted I should find the man I wanted. You see how the odds had shortened. If he knew me I knew him now, and he had no notion that I did know him. It was a good deal fairer fight between us.

"I fought it out alone. My story was hardly one the Rue de Jérusalem would have acted upon; and, besides, I wanted no interference. So, with the portrait before me, I sat down and began to consider who this man was, and why he had murdered that child. The big, burly frame, the heavy yellow face, the sandy-yellow hair, the physiognomy generally, was Teutonic. My man I put down as a North German. Now there were, and are probably, plenty of men who would have no objection whatever to put a knife into me, if they got the chance; but this man, whom I had never met, could have had no such quarrel as theirs with me. His quarrel with me must have been, then, Lucille. Yes, that was it—Lucille. I began to see clearly: a thwarted, devilish passion—a cool, infernal revenge. The child had feared something of this sort; had perhaps seen him that night. This explained her nervous terror, her nervous anxiety to stop nowhere, to travel on. In that carriage of that express-train, alone with me—where could she be safer? This accounted, too, for her anxiety to reach England. He would not dare follow her there, she had thought; or, at least, could not without my noticing him. And then she would have told me. She had not told me before evidently because she had feared for *me* too, in a quarrel with this man. She must, innocent child as she was, have had some instinctive knowledge of what he was capable..... Ay, a cool, infernal revenge, indeed. To kill her; to fix the murder on me. That dagger he had left behind....The apparent impossibility of any one's entering the carriage as he must have entered it at all, to say nothing of the almost absolute impossibility of his doing so without disturbing either of us—you see it might have gone hard with me if a British jury had had to decide on the case.

"Well, to cut this as short as may be, I made up my mind that the man I wanted was a North German; that he had conceived a hideous passion for Lucille before I knew her; that she had shrunk from it and him so unmistakably that he knew he had no chance; that my taking her away as my wife, to which he might have been a witness, drove him to as hideous a revenge, that, hearing we were going to England, and seeing that we were likely to stop nowhere on the way, and so give him a chance of doing what he had made up his mind to do, he had decided to do what he had done as he had done it—counting on finding us asleep as he had found us, or on his strength if it came to a fight between him and me; but coolly reckless enough to brave every thing in any case. And the devil aiding, he had in great part and only too well succeeded. He was now either so far satisfied that, if I made no move against him—and how, he might think, could I?—he, feeling himself all safe, would let me be; or, on the other hand, he did not feel safe, and was not satisfied, and was arranging for my being disposed of by-and-by. I considered the latter frame of mind as his most probable one; I went to work cautiously, as I say. I ascertained that Lucille had made no mention of any obnoxious *prétendant* at any time; I didn't expect to find she had, her terror of the man was too intense. But this man must have met her somewhere—where?

"When old D'Avray came home to die his daughter was just leaving her Paris *pensionnat*. All through his last illness he had seen no visitor but me, and Lucille had never quitted him. Besides, I had been there all the time. I presumed, then, that this man and she had met in Paris; and I believe they were only likely to have met at one of the half-dozen houses where the child would now and again be asked. I got a list of all these. One name only struck me; it happened to be a German name—Steinmetz. I wondered if Monsieur Steinmetz was my man. In the mean time, who was he? I had no trouble in finding that out: Monsieur Steinmetz was a German banker of good standing and repute, reasonably well off, and recently left a widower. Personally? *Dame*, personally Monsieur Steinmetz was a great man and a fat, with a big face and blonde hair, and the appearance of what he really was—a *bon vivant* and a *bon enfant*, yet *n'avait jamais fait de mal à personne—allez!* Ah, yes; in effect, Madame had died about a year ago, and Monsieur had been inconsolable for a long time. He had changed his residence now, and inhabited a house in one of the new streets off the Champs Elysées.

"From another source I discovered that in the lifetime of Madame Steinmetz Lucille was frequently at the house. She had ceased to come there about the date of the commencement of Madame's sudden illness. I got this information by degrees, while I lay *perdu* in an old haunt of mine in the Pays Latin yonder; for I had always had an idea that I should find the man I wanted in Paris. When I had got it I thought I should like to see Monsieur Steinmetz, the agreeable banker. One night I strolled up as far as his new residence in the street off the Champs Elysées. Monsieur Steinmetz lived on the first-floor. There was a brilliant light there: Monsieur Steinmetz was entertaining friends, it seemed.

"It was a fine night; I established myself out of sight under the doorway of an unfinished house opposite and waited. I don't know why; perhaps I fancied that when his friends were gone the fineness of the night might induce Monsieur Steinmetz to take a stroll, and that then I should be able to gratify my curiosity. You see, I knew that if he were my man I should know him directly. I waited a good while: shadows crossed the lighted blinds; once a big, broad shadow appeared there, that made me fancy I mightn't have been waiting for nothing after all, somehow. Presently Monsieur Steinmetz's guests departed, and in a little while after there appeared on the little balcony of Monsieur Steinmetz's apartment *the man I wanted.* There was a moon that night, and the cold white light fell on the great yellow face, with the full lustful lips and the full cruel chin, just as I had seen the light fall on it in my dream. It was the same face, Bertie; the same face, the same man. I couldn't be mistaken. I had no doubt; I *knew* that the assassin of my wife, of that tender, innocent, helpless child, stood there, twenty yards from me, on that balcony.

"I had got myself pretty well in hand; and it was as well. I never moved. The face I knew turned presently toward the spot where I stood hidden—the face I had seen in my dream, beyond all doubting. The evil gray eyes glanced carelessly into the shadow, and up and down the quiet street; and then Monsieur Steinmetz, humming an air, got inside the window again, and closed it after him. Once more the great burly shadow, that had at first told me I should not wait in that dark doorway in vain, crossed the blinds; and then it disappeared. I saw my man no more that night; but I had seen enough. I knew who he was now, and where to find him.

"As I walked along home I thought what I would do. I quite meant to kill Monsieur Steinmetz; but I also meant to have no *démêlés* with an Impérial Procureur and the Cour d'Assizes for doing so. I didn't want to murder him, either. I thought I would wait a little for the chance of a suitable opportunity for settling my business satisfactorily. And I did wait. I turned this delay to account, and got together a case of circumstantial evidence against my man that, though perhaps it might have broken down in a law-court, would have been alone amply sufficient for me.

"The reason why Lucille's visits to the banker's house ceased was, it appeared, because Madame Steinmetz had conceived all at once a jealous dislike to her. How far this was owing to Lucille herself I could well understand; but I could understand Madame's jealousy equally well. Madame's illness, strangely sudden, dated from the cessation of Lucille's visits. Was it hard to find a *cause* for that illness—a cause for the wife's subsequent suspected death? I thought not. Then had followed Lucille's departure from Paris. The child's anxiety for her father hid her *other fear* from his eyes and mine; but that fear must have been on her then. With us she forgot it in time; yet it or another reason had always prevented all mention of what had occasioned it. She became my wife. At that very time I easily ascertained that Steinmetz was absent from Paris; less easily, but indubitably, that he had, at all events, been as far south as Lyons. At Lyons it must have been that Lucille first discovered he was dogging us. Hence her alarm, which I had remembered, and her anxiety to proceed on our journey without stopping for the night, as I had previously arranged. The morning after the murder Steinmetz reappeared in Paris. From the hour at which he was seen at the *gare* it was certain that he had traveled by the night express-train in which Lucille and I had started from Lyons; and he wore that morning a traveling-coat of fur in all respects similar to the one I remembered so well.

"If I had ever had any doubt of my man after actually seeing him, I should probably have convinced myself that he was my man by the general tendency of these facts, which I got at slowly and one by one. But I had no need of such evidence; and of course no case, even with such evidence, for a court of law. However, courts of law I had never intended to trouble in the matter.

"The opportunity I was waiting was some time before it offered. Monsieur Steinmetz was a man of regular habits, I found—from his first-floor in the street off the Champs Elysées, every morning at eleven, to the Bourse; thence to his bureau hard by till four; from his bureau to his café, where he read papers and played dominoes till six; and then home slowly by the Boulevarts. He might consider himself tolerably safe from me while he led this sort of life, even supposing he was aware he was incurring any danger. I don't think he troubled much about that; till one night, when, over the count of his beloved domino-points, his eyes met mine fixed right upon him. I had arranged this little surprise to see how it would affect him.

"Perhaps my gaze may have expressed something more than the mere distraction I intended; but I noticed—though a more indifferent observer might easily have failed to notice—how the great yellow face, expanded in childish interest in the childish game, seemed suddenly to grow gray and harden; how the fat smile became a cruel baring of sharp white teeth; how the fat chin squared itself. The man knew me, and scented danger.

"A moment's reflection convinced Monsieur Steinmetz, though, that it could be by no means so certain that I knew him; five minutes' observation of me more than half satisfied him that I did not. Yet what did I want there? What was I doing in Paris? This might concern him nearly, he must have thought.

"I kept my own face in order, and watched his. It wasn't an easy one to read; but, you see, I had studied it closely, and in a way he couldn't have dreamed of. Monsieur Steinmetz was outwardly his wonted self, but inwardly not quite comfortable when he rose; and I saw the evil eye gleam on his great yellow finger, as he took out his purse to pay the *garçon*, just as I had seen it when that finger pointed at *myself* in my dream. I felt curious sensations, Bertie, as I sat there and looked abstractedly at Monsieur Steinmetz. I wondered how long it would be before— But my time hadn't come yet. He went out without another glance at me. I saw his huge form on the other side of the street when I left the café in my turn. This I had expected. Monsieur Steinmetz was naturally curious. It was hardly possible that I could know him; but it was quite certain that he ought to know all about me. So, when I moved on, he moved on; in short, Monsieur Steinmetz dogged me up one street and down another, till he finally dogged me home to my hiding-place in the Pays Latin. He did it very well, too—much better than you would have expected from so apparently unwieldy a *mouchard*. But I *remembered* how lightly he could move.

"Next day I had, of course, disappeared from my old quarters, and gone no one knew where. I suppose Monsieur Steinmetz didn't like this fact when he heard of it. It might have seemed suspicious. Suppose I *had* recognized him? In that case I had evidently a little game of my own, and was as evidently desirous to keep it dark. He was a cool hand; but I fancy my man began to get a little uneasy. He took some trouble to find me again. After a while I permitted him to do that. Once found he seemed determined that I should not be lost sight of again for want of watching. I permitted that, too; it helped play my game, and I wanted to bring it to an end. To which intent Monsieur Steinmetz got to hear from sources best known to himself as much of my plans as should bring him to the state I wanted. That was a murderous state. I wanted to get him to think that I was dangerous enough to be worth putting out of the way. I presume he was aware there were, or would be, weak joints in his armor, impenetrable as it seemed; and he preferred not risking the ordeal of legal battle if he could help it. At all events, he elected at last to rid himself of a person who might be dangerous, and was troublesome, by the shortest and the simplest means.

"I say so because when, believing my man was ripe for this, I left Paris about mid-day for a certain secluded little spot on the sea-coast, I saw one of Monsieur Steinmetz's *employés* on the platform; and because, two days after my arrival in my secluded spot, I met Monsieur Steinmetz in person, newly arrived also. Now this was exactly what I had intended and anticipated. Monsieur Steinmetz had come down there to put me out of his way if he could. He passed me, leisurely strolling in the opposite direction, humming his favorite *aria*, bigger and yellower than ever, the evil eye fiery on his finger. His own eyes shot me as evil fire; but he said nothing......I saw he was ripe, though......My time was close at hand.

"It came. Monsieur Steinmetz and I met once more in the very place where I, knowing my ground, had intended we should meet. It was a dip in the cliffs like a hollowed palm, and just there the cliff jutted out a good bit, with a sheer fall on to the rocks below. It was a gray afternoon, at the end of summer. The wind was rising fast; there was a thunder of heavy waves already.

"I think he had been dogging me; but I hadn't chosen to let him get up to me till now. We were quite out of sight when he had reached the level bottom of the dip, where I had halted—quite out of sight, and quite alone. To do him justice, he came on steadily enough. His face was liker the sketch I had made of it, liker the face I had seen in my dream, than it had ever looked before. Evidently he had made up his mind......At last, then!......Well, I had been waiting long......He was close beside me.

"'*Ah! bon jour cher Monsieur Steinmetz.*'

"'So?' he said, his little eyes contracting like a cobra's. 'Ah! Monsieur knows my name?'

"'Among other things about you—yes.'

"'So?' The yellow face was turning grayer and harder every minute—liker and liker to my likeness of it. 'And what other things? Has it never appeared to you that this you do, have been doing—this meddling, may be dangerous, *hein?*'

"He had changed his tone, as he had changed the person in which he addressed me. Yes, he had certainly made up his mind. And his big right hand was hidden inside his waistcoat, so that I could not see the evil eye I knew was on his finger.

"'Dangerous!' he repeated, slowly.

"'Possibly.'

"'Ay, surely; I shall crush you!'

"'Try.'

"'In good time; wait. You plot against me. Take care; I am strong; I warn you. There must be an end of this, you understand, or—'

"He nodded his big head significantly.

"'You are right,' I told him; 'there must be an end. It is coming.'

"'So?'

"'Yes; I know you. You know me now.'

"'I know you. What do you want?'

"'To kill you.'

"'So?'

"'Yes; as you killed her.'

"'As I killed her? That is it, then? You know that?'

"'I know that.'

"'Well, it is true. I killed her. Now you can guess what I am going to do to you—to you, curse you!—whom she loved.'

"The very face I had seen in my dream now, Bertie, the very face! There was something besides the evil eye that gleamed in his right hand when he drew it from his breast. Once more he spoke.

"'Yes, I killed her. I meant worse for you. You escaped that; but you will not escape me now. Fool! were you mad to do this? Did not I hate you enough? And I would have let you be. Ah, die then, if you will have it so!'

"His heavy right arm swung high as he spoke, and I saw the sharp steel gleam as it turned to fall. And I twisted from his grip, and caught the falling arm, and bent it till the dagger dropped to the ground. And then, for a fierce, desperate, devilish minute, I had him in my clutch, dragging him nearer the smooth, slippery edge. He was no match for me at this I knew, and he knew; but he held me with the hold of his despair, and I could not loose myself. Both of us together, he meant; but not I. Yet I only freed myself just as he rolled exhausted, but clutching at the tough, short bushes wildly, toward the brink, and partly over it...... Only the hold of his hands between him and his death. And I knelt above him, with the knife in my hand that was stained with *her* blood.

"The great yellow face, ashen now in its mortal agony, looked silently up at me for three or four awful seconds; and then—then it disappeared.

"Bah!" Paul concluded, "that was the end of it."

THE BEACH MONUMENT, HARTFORD.

THIS beautiful Monument, recently erected in the new Cedar Hill Cemetery at Hartford, Connecticut, is, so far as the sculpture is concerned, the work of Mr. JOHN M. MOFFITT, of New York; the structure was erected by members of the BEACH family. The designer of the Monument is R. M. UPJOHN, also of New York.

This Monument is a fine specimen of the medieval Gothic style of Italy, which has been so highly extolled by JOHN RUSKIN. It was the style followed by BRUMELLESCHI and GIOTTO. The former has left as an example the cathedral at Florence, and the latter its far-famed Campanile.

The structure is built of light-colored Italian marble, inlaid with marbles of a bright color; the clustered shafts are of polished red granite. The four medallion faces are cut in bass-relief; the figures illustrating the inscription of the following passage from the Litany: "By thy Cross and Passion; by thy precious Death and Burial; by thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension."

The Passion is represented as shown in one of our illustrations by the Agony in the Garden; then follows the Burial, in which Jesus is borne to the tomb; the Resurrection, and finally the Ascension.

The Monument contains a niche for a statue, which has yet to be added—a life-size figure of Christ showing his five wounds, as he appeared to Thomas. Over this is a groined canopy, the whole being surmounted by a cross. The height of the Monument is 36 feet.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SOME interesting facts about the deaf and dumb were communicated by Dr. St. John Roosa, in a paper read not long ago before the New York Academy of Medicine. Dr. Roosa, who has for many years devoted special attention to affections of hearing, has lately made some extended inquiries into the history of the deaf mutes in our asylums with a view to determine what are the most common causes of complete deafness exhibited in infancy, and whether all the cases regarded as incurable are so in reality. He has examined about five hundred of these patients, and finds reason to believe that many may be relieved.

In one asylum he found a boy who could hear distinct conversation addressed to him alone, but who was, much against his will, being educated as a deaf-mute. It seems that his parents stated that they could neither get a teacher to take the necessary trouble to educate him through the ordinary medium, nor a physician who thought it worth while to treat the disease existing in the ear. Recent progress in medical science has greatly improved the means of examining the condition of the organs of hearing. It was formerly supposed that only a superficial examination was possible in living persons. But this idea, Dr. Roosa says, is not correct. Our means for examining the auditory apparatus are better than those for the examination of many of the internal organs. The delicate parts of the internal ear may be investigated by means of probes, catheters, and bougies; and electricity, and certain physiological tests now in course of trial, promise still further to facilitate the examination by indicating the condition of the auditory nerve.

Only a very small proportion of the cases examined in the inquiries reported by Dr. Roosa proved to be cases of persons *born* deaf. The great majority were rendered deaf by diseases or accidents to the ear so early in infancy as to prevent them from learning language. But the causes of the affection appeared to be substantially the same with those which produce deafness in older persons. And there is encouragement to believe that in many instances treatment might, at least, partially restore the lost sense.

By-the-way, a gentleman who heard of these inquiries requested Dr. Roosa, at some visit to the New York Asylum, to examine a relative of his there; and he wrote to the deaf and dumb boy and his parents to tell them that Dr. Roosa would do so. The following quaint answer came back from the deaf and dumb boy.

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—Your letters to my father and me we have received to-day. I am surprised to receive your kind letter.

"You are very kind to have thought of me.

"I do not think that Dr. Roosa could make me hear, but I should like to try.

"God makes me deaf, and so there is no use to be tried.

"But if it is the dear Lord's will that I should hear, I will be very thankful to him; but I can hardly part with the deaf and dumb.

"We are very obliged to you to tell the Dr. about my deafness. I believe if I could hear there will be a great use to me, so I can study very hard to enter into college. Your affectionate cousin,

"—— ——."

The last number of the *Galaxy*, in an entertaining article, illustrates coolness under excitement by stories of several cool-blooded individuals. One of them was a school-boy in New Hampshire, who assured his schoolmates that he should soon be able to go a-fishing with the best of them. "Father," said he, "has gone to the war, and when he gets killed I am going to have his fish-line." Another was a young nobleman who, in a frightful railway accident, missed his valet. One of the guards came up to him, and said: "My lord, we have found your servant, but he is cut in two." "Aw, is he?" said the young man, with a Dundreary drawl, but still with some anxiety depicted on his countenance. "Will you be gwood enough to see in which half he has gwot the key of my carpet-bag?" In the year 1859 an unexcitable man in New Jersey was employed to convey to his friends the body of a Mr. Wilson, who had died about fifty miles from home, of the cholera. On finding the house he knocked at the door, and the wife of the deceased opened it. "Does Mr. Wilson live here?" said the man. "Yes," said the lady, "but he is not at home to-day." "No, I know he ain't," said the man, with a soothing tone of voice, thinking to break the news gently, "but he will be in a minute, 'cause I've got him here dead in the wagon."

The latest exhibition of dramatic power on the part of Mr. Dickens occurred at a reading given by him at St. James's Hall, London. The noise made by late comers was so great that he stopped and leaned silent on his desk for ten minutes, the galleries meantime reviling each new arrival with shouts, and sundry sarcastic remarks and inquiries.

The Third Annual Report of the Metropolitan Board of Health, which has just been submitted to the Legislature, states, among other important matters, that during the past year there has been no improvement in the sanitary condition of the public markets. They are old, dilapidated, unventilated, defective in proper drainage, and in every respect discreditable to the city of New York. It also declares that there has been no change in the condition of the streets as regards their cleanliness; and that no improvement is anticipated during the existence of the present contract, as the contractor claims to have faithfully performed the duties imposed by its several provisions.

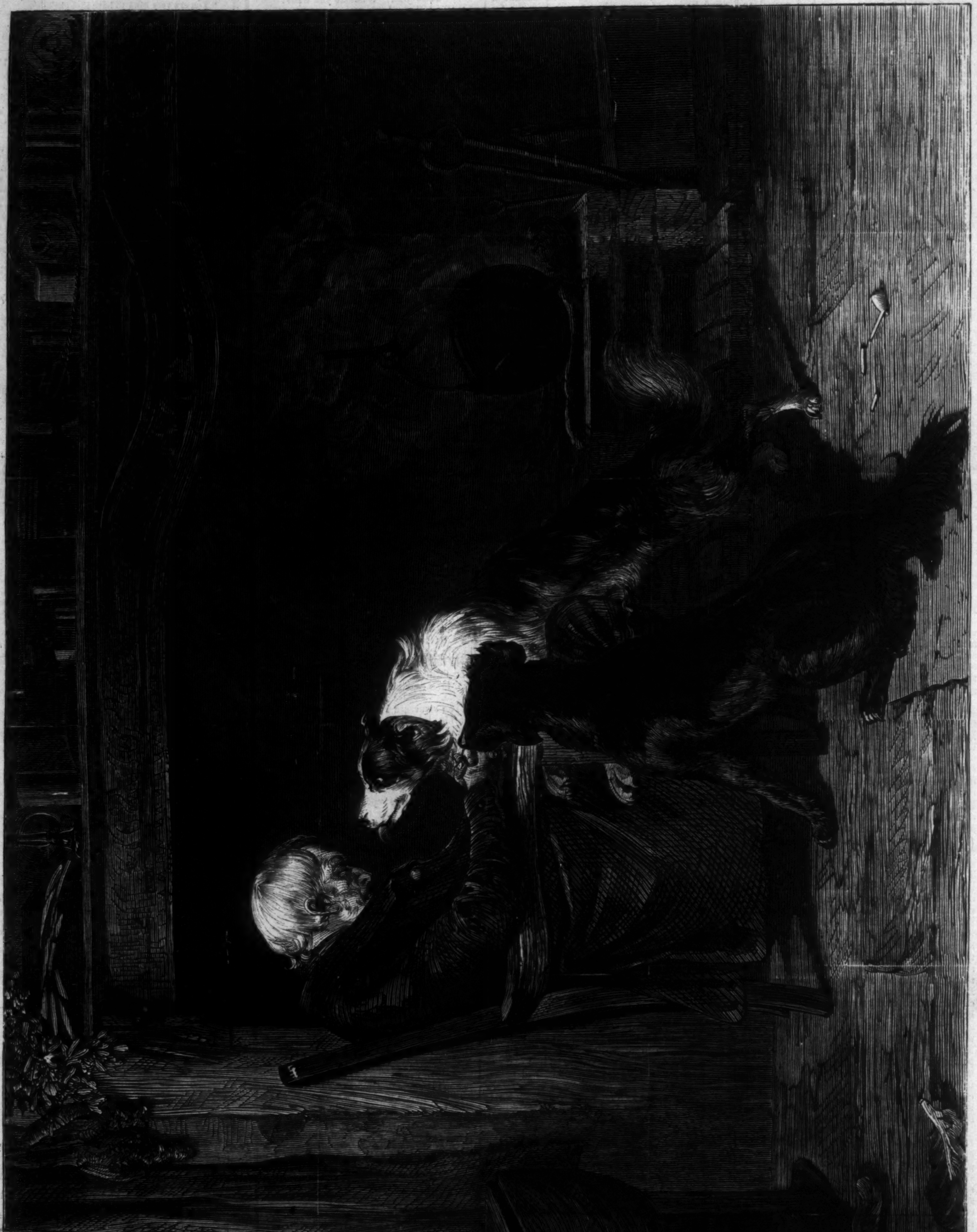
The following is told of Baron Rothschild, showing how much he was a business man in business hours: One day the dignified Count F—— was by some mistake admitted to the banker's private room. Without looking up, Rothschild said: "Um! take a chair." Silence, and then the visitor remonstrated with: "But—ah—pardon me, I am the Count F——." "Oh, ah, um! take two chairs." On another occasion a high party came to close an important transaction—a matter of moving some millions of francs from one country to another. "What will be the rate of exchange?" The Baron put his interlocutor's question in German to the clerk. "One per cent.," said the special clerk, in German. "Two per cent.," said the Baron, turning to the high party. "Pardon me, Baron, but I understand German." "Ah! Well, in that case, and between friends, for you the rate is one-and-a-half per cent."

The reports now circulating that the "ice crop" is a failure, that the mild winter prevents the companies from storing a good supply, and will make ice scarce and expensive next summer, remind us to suggest that families in the rural districts may easily store a supply for themselves if even a short cold snap comes. A very good ice-house, or rather substitute for one, may be made by inclosing a space about twelve feet square by eight high, with double walls of boarding about one foot apart, the intervening space to be closely packed with tan, saw-dust, or the like material. Such a box may be erected as an independent building out of doors, or we have known it to be done with success in one corner of the cellar of an ordinary residence. The ice should be packed in one solid mass, allowing a space between the outside of the mass and the inner boarding. The top of the ice should be covered with straw, and donble doors made, one in the outer and the other in the inner wall. If an independent building is made some climbing vine should be planted around the building, and made to creep up the walls and over the roof, as an additional defense against the sunshine. Such an ice-box will generally preserve a store of ice through the summer.

It is often remarked that gentlemen congregated by themselves, in their clubs and dinner-parties, are prone to speak slightingly of woman. Sometimes, however, this disposition receives rebuke. At a dinner in this city, at which no ladies were present, a man responding to the toast of "Woman," dwelt almost solely on the frailty of the sex, claiming that the best among them were little better than the worst, the chief difference being in the surroundings. At the conclusion of the speech a gentleman present rose and said: "I trust the gentleman, in the application of his remarks, refers to his *own* mother and sisters, and not to *ours*."

Newspaper reporters should be furnished with velocipedes, in order that they may catch the news in this fast age. New York now has two flourishing institutions, from which accomplished velocipedists are graduated. Brooklyn also has opened a school. It is confidently predicted that the time is near at hand when business men generally will rush down town on these fashionable steeds, hang them up against the wall during office-hours, then remount, and reach home long before dinner-time. This will be delightful. Probably, however, for some years to come there will be quite a large number of ladies and children who will prefer walking to mounting these skittish-looking machines. But where are they going to walk when the sidewalks are thronged with devotees of velocipedestrianism? Are they to be ever on the watch to rush out of the way when one of these swift-wheeled vehicles rushes past? This may be a serious matter to the old-fashioned pedestrians.

Madame Patti was never more brilliant, nor her execution more exquisite, than at her last appearance in Paris. The enthusiasm was demonstrated by a shower of bouquets, and by her being compelled to make five distinct reappearances. The bouquets were monstrous. There was one which must have measured four or five feet in circumference—the centre a dense mass of white camellias, scarlet blossoms of the same flower on long stalks, forming a sort of second surface, while from the whole floated a broad scarlet ribbon fringed with gold. Madame Patti was at first amused, and came forward laughing merrily, but at last the enthusiasm overcame her, and she fairly cried with emotion.



"THE LONG SLEEP."—From a Painting by M. Rivière.—[See First Page.]

LATIMER, *addressing* CRANMER. "What manner of men are these who thus *perform* our MASTER'S work?"

PROTESTANT MUMMERIES.—[SEE PAGE 90.]

PROTESTANT MUMMERIES.

See Illustration on page 89.

I.

What would the saintly Fathers of the Church
  Say of these histrionic follies? They
Made for Eternal Truth unwearying search,
  And to defend it gave their Lives away.

II.

Weakly and old seemed Latimer, until
  The pile was lighted, in that terrible time,
Then, by the power of the Almighty will,
  The wondering crowd beheld him in his prime.

III.

"Cheer up," he said to Ridley, as there lay
  Dry fagots blazing on the fresh green sod,
"The Candle lighted in this realm this day
  Shall burn forever, by the grace of God."

IV.

Ay, and it burns—extinguishable never,
  Save by disloyalty of its guardians here;
A lamp of life whose flame shall last forever,
  Filling the minds of men with holy cheer.

V.

But ye who mock the Martyrs' fire—who fancy
  That foolish fripperies do not desecrate—
Who turn religion into chiromancy—
  Churchmen weak-minded and degenerate!

VI.

How in your gorgeous costumes would ye tremble—
  How would your cheeks with shameful terror burn—
If, as your silly votaries assemble,
  The Martyr Bishops entered, calm and stern!

ROMANISM IN ENGLAND.

The Ritualists in England deny that they seek a union with the Roman Catholic Church; but a glance at our illustration on page 89 will show that whatever obstacle there may be in the way of such a union, it can not be any difference as to the ceremonies of worship. It is probable that any schism in the English Church would result in simply a separation of the Ritualists from the main body. But if Ritualism is not Romanism it is certainly an abandonment of the principles of Protestantism established by the reformers of the sixteenth century. Romanism may not be perfect, say the Ritualists in common with Dr. Ewer, but certainly Protestantism is a failure.

But, apart from the *quasi* Romanism affected by the Ritualists, what progress has been lately made by the Papal Church in England? It is asserted that the number of adults received into the Romish communion by conditional baptism and subsequent admission to the other sacraments during the last twelve months in England amounts to about 2100 or 2200 persons, of which about half have been received in the provinces, and the other half in London. These converts belong almost entirely to the upper, middle, and professional classes, including a higher class of shop-keepers, and not a few of the educated mechanics in some of the large towns. The number of male converts slightly predominates. Dr. Newman—himself a convert of twenty years' standing—has received into his church at Edgbaston two peers, nineteen Anglican clergymen, seven or eight university graduates, and many other persons more or less well known in their respective spheres and callings.

The *Weekly Register and Catholic Standard* says:

At the end of 1864 there were in England and Wales 1338 priests; at the end of 1865 we find the number increased to 1381; at the end of 1866 they numbered 1415; at the end of 1867 they were still further increased to 1438; and at the end of 1868 they number 1489; showing, in five years, an increase in the number of our clergy of 151 priests in England and Wales. At the end of 1864 there were in England and Wales 941 churches, chapels, and stations; at the end of 1865 these were increased to 987; at the end of 1866 they had further increased to 1014; at the end of 1867 to 1082; and at the end of 1868 they number 1122.

The convents have gone on steadily increasing. At the end of 1864 they numbered 187; at the end of 1865 they had increased to 196; at the end of 1866 they had further increased to 204; at the end of 1867 to 210; and at the end of 1868 to 214.

In Scotland the progress of Catholicism appears to have been very slight indeed during the last five years. At the end of 1864 we find 183 priests and 191 churches in the whole of North Britain. A year later, at the end of 1865, the number of priests had increased to 188, but the number of churches or chapels had decreased to 184. At the end of 1866 they had increased again to 193 priests and 193 chapels: and at the end of 1867 they numbered 201 priests and 201 churches or chapels, at which figures they remain to the present time.

So much for the progress of Romanism: but what is the belief of the converts? How far do they yield allegiance to the papacy? Dr. Newman himself insists upon an English style of Romanism, and his tame mariolatry would scarcely be accepted in Italy. His writings have incurred the displeasure of the Pope. Another convert, Mr. Ffoulkes, late Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Oxford, has just published a letter to Archbishop Manning. It is thrown out in defiance of the sneers and suspicions which, in the present temper of the Roman hierarchy and of the cringing ultramontane rabble, such an expression of opinion must occasion.

After giving the history of a memorable interpolation into the creed by a Spanish king at the end of the sixth century, the acceptance of which was forced by Charlemagne two centuries later, in the very teeth of an Œcumenical Council and of the reigning Pope, Mr. Ffoulkes observes "that, whether absolutely inerrant or not in matters of faith herself, Rome has abundantly proved during the last thousand years that she can be a most negligent, hesitating, fickle, self-seeking, hypocritical guide to others, even when the Faith is concerned."

This writer considers that "if ever there was a justifiable revolt from authority, it was the revolt we call the Reformation;" and adds that the union of Christendom can neither be expected nor desired "till material guarantees have been secured that Rome shall never again be what she has been and, to some extent, still is. So irresistible, to my mind, are the evidences that it is her [Rome's] conduct more than any thing else which has divided Christendom, *her conduct since she became a Court as well as a Church*—not her faith, but her policy for the last thousand years, dating from her endowment under Charlemagne." And he quotes the stern reminder, addressed by St. Bernard to Pope Eugenius III., of a truth which Eugenius and his successors from that day to this have always studiously forgotten—"Your power is by no means the only power from God."

Mr. Ffoulkes tells us, after fourteen years' experience as a Roman Catholic, that he can find no remarkable contrast between his present and former co-religionists, and that he can not see that the foremost of his converts "have progressed in any perceptible degree," while many of them "have notoriously descended to a lower level of Christianity" since their conversion.

This is the style of English Romanism, and among intelligent converts no other is possible.

THE ENCHANTED APPLES.

In the dawn of the Consulate, when Bonaparte was indeed Cæsar—that is to say, absolute master in a state retaining the name of a Republic—the First Consul and his wife frequently quitted Paris for a short sojourn at Malmaison. Josephine loved that modest country house best of all their residences, and far from attempting to transplant thither the ceremony and form which wearied her in the capital, she adopted the simple habits of provincial life, and banished from her home every thing showy or luxurious. Nevertheless, during their visits Malmaison became the loadstar of universal attraction, and Madame Bonaparte, in spite of all her efforts, often beheld round her more flatterers than flowers. Almost before she was aware of it her *salon* was crowded with the most fashionable women and the most ambitious men of the time—some agreeable surprise was daily planned for her—and (especially in her husband's absence) ovations awaited her wherever she turned.

Especially in Bonaparte's absence. The courtiers feared the severity of Cæsar; they shrank from that penetrating glance which could at once detect the selfish motive of a gallant attention or the political aim of an apparent trifle. Bonaparte had a well-grounded dread of the heedlessness of his wife, who unreflectingly followed the impulse of the moment, and he often wished her to retract her hasty promises or check her naturally unbounded generosity—an amiable weakness of which Josephine could never cure herself, and which afterward gave her the first place among those queens who have dried many tears, but never caused one to fall.

One evening Madame Bonaparte dined almost alone at Malmaison, and as dessert was placed on the table, M. de Noailles, a junior member of the ministry, was admitted to pay his respects to the wife of his chief. He was followed by a man about fifty years old, who carried a little table which he set down before Josephine, spreading on it a rather soiled table-cover. When these primitive arrangements were made he drew from a bag three pewter cups and balls, and the latter seemed to multiply indefinitely under his practiced fingers; then they rebounded like hail—then, at a breath, they vanished.

"Madame has only to speak," said the unknown, confidently, to Josephine, "and her commands shall be obeyed. I regret that Madame has finished her dinner, otherwise I should have been able to present her with dishes which have not graced her table to-day. Roach from the Mediterranean—Sardines from Royau—or, better still, the delicate little silver-fish caught in that quarter of the globe which had the good fortune of giving birth to Madame for the happiness of France. But Madame does not express a wish. Would she prefer a diamond without flaw, or a warbler from the woods—an Oriental ruby, or one of those nightingales which enchant our forests?"

The man who thus placed universal nature at Josephine's service, appeared to wish that she should select the nightingale, for he bent his ear to a goblet and seemed listening to the harmonious cadences of the minstrel of spring.

But Josephine—who, although spending immense sums on her toilet, retained sufficient simplicity of taste to prefer a wreath of flowers to a coronet of gems—Josephine chose neither diamonds nor birds; she asked for a rose.

Hardly had the word crossed her lips when the juggler reversed his cup and showed the astonished spectators a rose surrounded with buds, which trembled lightly on its stem and filled the room with fragrance.

"Bon Dieu!" cried Josephine, "you have gathered the ornament of my green-house—the rose which I had counted on giving Bonaparte to-morrow, because it yet wanted a night to become full-blown!"

"Pardon me, Madame," replied the conjuror, respectfully, "that rose is mine, and I have the honor of offering it to the wife of the First Consul. I could not have had the effrontery to lay hands on the flowers of Madame Bonaparte—moreover, I have never set foot in her conservatory."

Josephine sent one of her attendants to verify this statement, who announced on his return that the rose destined for Bonaparte still bloomed safely on the tree. Madame Bonaparte, simple and credulous as a Creole child, could not disguise her amazement. Nothing, it seemed, could baffle the prodigious skill of the unknown magician. Now he sent from his bag flights of birds who picked up the crumbs fallen from the dinner-table; now he filled a cup with water, and tossing it to the ceiling, an avalanche of flowers descended on the spectators.

When admiration was at its height, and curiosity was still unappeased, Josephine took up a bag which hung from the arm of her couch, and was seeking for her purse, but the conjuror threw himself at her feet. "Madame," said he, "you can repay me a hundredfold for the trifling amusement that I have given you—but not with gold. A boon, Madame, a boon!"

"What can I do for *you?*" inquired Josephine, who fully believed her petitioner possessed of far greater power than herself. The juggler merely begged her to taste some of the fruit which was on the table, and she extended her hand toward an apple whose golden rind had tempted her some moments before; and using her fruit-knife with the hesitation of one who expects a miracle to follow, she cut the perfumed fruit.

There are flowers, says the Latin poet, on whose petals are inscribed the names of kings. The apple held by Josephine concealed in its core a petition to the First Consul.

"Madame," cried the stranger, still on his knees before her, "you see at your feet an unfortunate who mingled in the quarrels of kings and took arms against the Republic. I wore at La Vendee a cockade which was not that of my country; and when the party I served was defeated, I had to fly from France, and live a banished man. May Heaven preserve you from ever knowing what the exile suffers! My fatherland has rejected me, my name is transferred from the list of citizens to that of the proscribed. A word from you, Madame, and this wretched fate will be reversed; I shall return openly to Paris; I shall live and die in the midst of my own!"

During this appeal Josephine closely scrutinized the fragments of apple which lay on her plate; she drew through her slender fingers the unbroken and shining peel, and marveled at the prodigy she was inspecting—an apple which held parchment instead of pips!

"Monsieur," she said to the conjuror, "your request is granted. The First Consul shall see your petition, and rest assured that I will do all in my power to promote it."

The suppliant rose, replaced his cups in his bag, took his little table under his arm, bowed to the ground, and withdrew.

Addressing the young man who had introduced the clever conjuror, Josephine said, "I am your debtor for an amusing evening, M. de Noailles. We can not spare such an accomplished man. Bonaparte must befriend him—he has done greater favors to far less entertaining and useful persons. I shall send for your unknown when I want something superhuman done for me."

Under the Directorate the proscribed emigrants had returned in crowds. The careless Barras readily believed that all enmity was extinct. Not so Bonaparte, who, though not suspicious, was wary, and knew that any leaven of disaffection would endanger the tranquillity of the new government. Thus there was greater severity under the Consulate than the Directorate; and while Bonaparte regarded the Republicans as his most dangerous and active foes, he sternly kept watch over the movements of the emigrants—and those who had fought at La Vendee or sojourned in England he doubly doubted.

Fouché, on his part, exercised a general *surveillance*, and constantly forwarded to Bonaparte the most alarming reports; with all his vigilance, however, he could not prevent the explosion of the Infernal Machine. It is well known that Bonaparte's first impulse was to accuse the Republicans of this conspiracy, while Fouché, who fancied he saw the plots of England in all the troubles of France, unhesitatingly denounced the Royalists.

At eleven o'clock on the evening of the conjuror's visit to Josephine the First Consul left the Opera, and proceeded to Malmaison. He arrived unannounced and alone, and hearing that Madame Bonaparte was sleeping, went at once to his apartment and threw himself on the iron camp bedstead, which accompanied him on his numerous campaigns, and has become historical.

At six o'clock next morning, as Bonaparte took a hasty meal in the breakfast-room, the carriage which was to convey him to Paris already waiting in the court-yard, Josephine entered the apartment. She flew to him, seized his hands and kissed his forehead.

"Cruel! would you have left without seeing me?" she playfully asked.

"What did you do yesterday, Josephine?" returned her husband. "Who came to see you? how did you spend your day?"

"I was very much amused. If you stay and dine with me to-day, I will give you an agreeable surprise. By-the-way," she added, producing a paper, which she showed him, "erase this name from the list of *proscrit*, and you will do me a great favor. Besides, I have promised."

"A Chouan!" exclaimed Bonaparte, angrily, as he glanced at the petition. "Georges Marec, one of the fanatic followers of Charette and De La Rochejaquelein, one of the men who, barely eighteen months since, followed the armies of the Republic, plundering and killing straggling soldiers, murdering those left wounded on the battle-field! Marec, Marec! A man who comes from England, who landed secretly on our coast, no doubt as an emissary from Pitt. Fox, my good friend Fox, has repeatedly warned me against the plots of these traitors. And what do you know of this man? Where have you seen him? Why are you interested in him? Speak, Madame, speak!"

At this explosion of wrath the terrified Josephine burst into tears.

"Control yourself," said Bonaparte, coldly, "leave off weeping, and answer me. Of course you were ignorant of the man's crimes, and he has imposed on your compassion. They flatter themselves that I can reject nothing presented by your hand, and that they will thus be enabled to undermine Paris beneath our very feet. Oh, Fouché was right! These wretches are incapable of change."

While speaking Bonaparte had drawn his wife's arm through his own, and walked impetuously up and down the room with her, utterly oblivious of his interrupted breakfast.

"I know *nothing* about him," returned Josephine. "Do not disturb yourself so, Bonaparte. Tear up that petition. Let us say no more about it. If you only knew how it came into my hands!"

"That is exactly what I want to know," Bonaparte answered; and then Josephine related how M. de Noailles had introduced the conjuror on the previous day, and the wonderful feats with which he had astonished her. Even the petition Bonaparte held in his hand had something miraculous about it; it seemed to have grown in the apple, or at least to have been placed there by supernatural agency!

"And to this sort of thing you open the doors of my house!" said the First Consul, angrily. "To wandering mountebanks who, despairing of hoodwinking the husband, practice on the credulity of the wife, and seek to make her the tool of their intrigues. What a child you are, Josephine! A trickster deceives you, and you fancy him a magician—you see sleight of hand, and call it a miracle!"

So speaking he stopped before a side-board and took some fruit from an *épergne*.

"Stay!" cried his wife, eagerly. "I found the petition in an apple like that—you know I am fond of them, they are brought to table every day, and I took the first that came."

Bonaparte shrugged his shoulders, and opening a knife, remorselessly cut the fruit.

The marvel was repeated! a petition was hidden in the core.

"That makes two," said Bonaparte; and taking up another apple, he peeled it also, and discovered a third petition. The plate was emptied, with a similar result in every case.

Then Bonaparte showed his wife the adroit artifice by which every apple had been hollowed out, so that a tiny roll of paper carefully folded could be inserted in place of the pips.

"The man could not afford to lose a chance," he said. "His arrangements were made so that you could choose hap-hazard. He must have had an accomplice in the fruiterer, who shall serve you no more; and as to your conjuror, I will send to Fouché, and—"

"Oh, Bonaparte, I implore you," cried Josephine, "do not be harsh; keep sacred the shelter of our roof!"

"Our roof! Is he *here*, then?"

"Not now, but he will return. I had hoped to amuse you this evening by—"

"No matter, Josephine; be satisfied; Fouché will find him without disturbing the tranquillity of your house. He can not be permitted to mature his conspiracies unchecked."

Then, without listening any longer to Josephine's remonstrances, he hurriedly embraced her, trampled under foot the fragments of apple and the torn petitions which strewed the floor, sprang into the carriage which awaited him in the court-yard surrounded by the consular guard, and set off at a gallop for Paris.

It is impossible to describe the distress of Josephine, who already showed that kindness of heart which in after-days won for her the title of "the good Empress." She felt no personal interest in the man in question, but the thought that she had caused his imprisonment, perhaps his death, was insupportable to her. She sought for Georges Marec in all the environs of Malmaison; she inquired for him every where, she consulted every one; and if she could have found Marec she would have filled his purse and sent some of her people to conduct him safely beyond the frontier. But her search was fruitless. Even M. de Noailles, who introduced Marec, had quitted Malmaison on the following night, and had not returned.

At last the dinner hour arrived; Josephine, engrossed by one haunting thought, could touch nothing. When dessert was served a sharp knock at the door made her start; she looked up, and Georges Marec himself stood before her, with his little table, his bag, and his ebony wand.

"Oh," cried Josephine, in terror, "fly, Monsieur, fly, or you are lost! You are a Chouan—you have murdered our French soldiers—you deserve to die! My house can no longer protect you—fly!"

The conjuror looked at her with an undisturbed and tranquil smile; and begging her to afford him a quarter of an hour's audience, he arranged his table and took out his cups and balls.

This time he did not offer Josephine diamonds and rubies, he sent forth no flights of birds, he called down no deluge of flowers. They were puppet soldiers—miniature infantry, diminutive cavalry—which issued from his goblet.

"Here!" he cried, "are the Austrians, the Prussians, the Russians, who form in line. See their battalions, their squadrons, their divisions. See, on a white horse, Mélas, their chief; on a black horse, Suwarrof, their great captain, who has promised St. Nicholas, his patron saint, all the French guns to ornament his shrine. On this side is the French army. See General Bonaparte—he narrowly watches his opponents—he extends his hand, and all the world is in arms. Do you hear the roar of the cannon, the challenge of the trumpet? Do you perceive the tricolored flag advance toward the enemies' staff, whom it threatens, whom it attacks, whom it scatters? Long live the Republic! Long live General Bonaparte! Victory is ours!"

And by a master-piece of dexterity and of mechanism the tiny troops continued to emerge from the conjuror's cup, taking rank on the table, and executing the movements with the enumeration of which Marec deafened Madame

Bonaparte. When the contest was over, victors and vanquished re-entered the goblet, and the juggler declared that he would proceed to show the illustrious wife of the First Consul many yet more wonderful things—Mourad Bey, the Mamelukes, Junot, Kléber, Desaix, the Battle of the Pyramids—in a word, the campaign in Egypt; but she was too much alarmed for his safety to enjoy the singular spectacle.

"In Heaven's name," she cried, "take this purse and depart!"

"Grant me one last favor," said the conjuror, leaving the *campaign in Egypt* shut up in his cup; "condescend, Madame, once more to open an apple."

Josephine hurriedly complied with his request, and found the following letter:

"Madame,—I have in my possession documents which will prove to the First Consul that the Marec who has had the honor of appearing before you, and seeking your intercession, is *not* the murderer and assassin who merits the utmost rigor of the law, an honest man, who took part, it is true, in the expedition of Quiberon, but who fought honorably, and was expatriated on the defeat of the Royalists. He did not emigrate to England, but to Switzerland, whence he has brought the Marionettes which have amused you. The other Marec is named Jacques, and he has never quitted England, where his every step is watched.

"I am happy to inform you, Madame, that your protegé's name is struck from the list of the proscribed.

"I have the honor to be, Madame, your very humble and obedient servant, J. Fouché."

"Excellent news!" cried Josephine, with a deep sigh of relief. "Monsieur, Monsieur, show me the campaign in Egypt!"

Georges Marec had indeed passed two years in Switzerland, where he practiced conjuring for a livelihood. On returning to France he laid aside the cup and balls, except for the occasional amusement of the Empress, whose influence procured him an appointment in the commissariat.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

The public institutions on Blackwell's Island, committed to the charge of the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction, form the subject of our illustrations on page 92. We purpose to give a brief description of these institutions, with some facts and suggestions derived from the last published Report of the Commissioners—that for 1867.

The Small-pox Hospital, at the southern extremity of the Island, is sometimes entirely vacant. Advantage was taken of such a vacancy in 1867 to repair and paint the building throughout, and to introduce gas for lighting from the Charity Hospital. Of the 209 patients under treatment that year fifteen died.

The Charity Hospital, in 1867, subsisted 6855 patients, of whom 505 died. This institution, though open to patients suffering from every variety of disease, is largely devoted to the treatment of syphilis. More than 2000 cases of this description were admitted in 1867. It will soon be necessary to erect a separate hospital for patients of this class.

No applicants are admitted to the Alms-house except those who, from old age or chronic infirmity, are incapable of earning a livelihood; for it is found that the inmates, after a brief residence, lose all self-reliance and become a public charge during life. The able-bodied, who may be suffering from want, are either granted temporary relief by the Superintendent of the Outdoor Poor, or they are committed to the Workhouse. Under the present regulations the Alms-house is, as it should be, a shelter for the old and infirm rather than as formerly the abode of the vagrant and slothful. Hospital rules have been established, thorough cleanliness is enforced, and a more generous diet has been provided.

The prisoners committed to the Penitentiary, numbering 2311 in 1867, are divided into three classes according to the gravity of their crimes, and, though subject to the same rules in respect to labor and discipline, they work in separate gangs and eat at separate tables, and each prisoner occupies a separate cell. Only those guilty of felony wear the distinctive dress of the Penitentiary. "There are," say the Commissioners, "about 30,000 children in this city growing up in ignorance and idleness. They have no occupation but to beg, and learn no art but to steal. Hordes of children are sent out every morning to beg or pilfer along the piers and bulkheads of the city, to snatch up, unobserved, a few grains of coffee, or handfuls of cotton, or scraps of iron; and their progress from the first act of pilfering to burglary is as regular as the progress of a school-boy from class to class. At the age of fifteen the girls are prostitutes and the boys professed thieves. The brevity of their lives, shortened by syphilitic disease, is the only check upon the increase of their numbers." The measures recently adopted to break up this career of crime among our youth by arresting children found begging or peddling nick-nacks in the streets promise to secure good results.

The Juvenile Asylum of this city, which is authorized to receive children on the warrant of a magistrate, has been the means of saving from destruction many children of the classes referred to, and its managers are entitled to the warm thanks of the community for their zeal and devotion to the great work of philanthropy in which they are engaged. The Children's Aid Society and the Reformatory, with other charities of a like character, have, without coercive powers, been instrumental in rescuing annually large numbers of children from ruin, by gathering them from the streets, clothing them, and securing for them comfortable and reputable homes.

To the Work-house are committed drunkards, vagabonds, and disorderly persons, the terms of imprisonment varying from ten days to six months. As a house of correction it well fulfills the purposes of its establishment. Of the persons committed a considerable proportion are newly-arrived emigrants. In order to protect the counties of the State from the maintenance of foreign vagrants and criminals, the Legislature has imposed a tax upon each emigrant arriving at the port of New York. The Commissioners of Emigration collect the money thus raised, which they disburse under regulations which they have framed for their own government.

THE PRESENT ART SEASON IN NEW YORK.

The art season of 1868–1869 opened rather feebly, so far as regards the exhibition at the National Academy of Design. The main interest in this exhibition was centred in the collections of the works of three Academicians, whose deaths within a few months preceding had thrown a gloom over the whole fraternity of American artists. We refer, of course, to Elliott, Leutze, and William S. Mount. The works of Elliott and Leutze covered three sides of the large south gallery, excepting the space given to one of the characteristic and strong figure-pieces of Boughton, and the now almost invaluable portrait of Elliott by Baker. Standing in this gallery on the Saturday preceding the opening, and getting a really "private view" of these immortal memorials of genius untimely lost to the world, our musings were pleasantly interrupted by the entrance of two veterans of American art, one of whom has already rounded out a long life full of distinguished honors and world-wide usefulness, while the other bids fair to remain for many years the venerated chief of the Academy of Design—Samuel F. B. Morse and Daniel Huntington, the former one of the fathers of the Academy, and the latter for years its President by universal assent, and still fresh and vigorous, as the two recent portraits sent by him to the exhibition, his clear eyesight, and elastic step attest. Could "Old Charley"—as all of the artists affectionately call the lamented Elliott—but return long enough to paint a group including these two patriarchs of American art, together with Asher B. Durand, another of our best artists who still retains his powers in their ripeness, and William Cullen Bryant—what a priceless gift such a picture would be to posterity!

The visitor to the Academy, judging our artists by the present exhibition, would arrive at a very inadequate conception of the amount and quality of the work which they are doing. The landscape painters especially are weakly represented. Most of them remain in the country during the summer and fall, and do not get fairly at work until about the first of December. Few of them, consequently, are ready for the fall exhibition. Some, also, of our best figure painters are unrepresented, preferring to keep their works in their studios. To know what the artists are doing, and what they have recently done, we must visit them in their studios, where their pictures are seen to best advantage, and where our interest in the artist enhances our pleasure in his works. A few visits of this sort we propose to make, enabling, so far as lies in our power, the readers of the *Weekly* to see the artists and their pictures as we saw them ourselves.

It may be necessary to premise that it is utterly impossible to find space for even a brief mention of all of those who have obtained a recognized position here as artists. The last catalogue of the Academy contains the names of one hundred and sixty-six Academicians and Associates. Of these, it is true, Church, S. R. Gifford, M'Entee, Launt Thompson, J. F. Wier, and Yewell are in Rome, where, also, Chapman and Freeman are residing; Bellows is in England; Haseltine and Stillman are somewhere abroad; Mignot is in London, where Peale resides; Wust is in Antwerp; Vedder is in Paris, and May lives there, and Bierstadt is in Paris or Rome—an artistic delegation abroad of which Americans may well feel proud. Besides those who are enrolled on the Academy catalogue there are about a hundred artists in New York who have more or less claim to the title. Some have come here quite recently, like Mr. A. T. Bricher, a landscape painter, from Boston, of decided ability. Some do not, for reasons of their own, desire to become Academicians, like Mr. T. W. Wood, a figure painter whose powers are generally acknowledged.

It will be seen that we can only select from among the two hundred and fifty or more artists in New York whom we propose to visit a few of those who are best known, and who represent most thoroughly the various specialties of our art. Some of those whom we should otherwise have included in our survey of the present art season were not in their studios when we called, and must therefore be reserved for notice on some future occasion. There is an increasing tendency among our artists to congregate in buildings partly or wholly devoted to their use; but the present accommodations of such buildings are altogether inadequate, and our tour among the studios will take us from Bleecker Street to Thirtieth Street, a distance of a mile and a half north and south, and from Astor Place to the neighborhood of Sixth Avenue, about half a mile east and west.

Beginning at 650 Broadway, near Bleecker Street, we find the capacious double studio of George H. Hall in the upper story of a building whose exterior gives little indication of artistic occupancy.

GEORGE H. HALL.

Mr. Hall, whose flower and fruit pictures are better known and more generally admired than those of any other American artist, is personally one of the most agreeable of gentlemen. Extremely modest, and almost shy in his manners, his quiet earnestness, frankness, and real cordiality win on one insensibly. In Spain, where he has twice temporarily resided, he found subjects for figure pictures which enabled him to display his fine ability as a colorist. On his last return from there he brought back sixty-three sketches from life, from which he has already painted over twenty pictures. The remainder will occupy the best part of his time for two years more, when he expects again to visit his favorite sketching ground. The illustrations of Spanish life and character which, as sketches or finished pictures, make the walls of Mr. Hall's studio fairly glow with their warm colors, all have a striking air of reality. Peasants, laborers, fruit-dealers, gipsies, priests, and beggars are depicted just as they were sketched from the wealth of picturesque subjects available to the artist in such a city as Seville. Nowhere in Europe does the brunette type afford richer or more various specimens, from the delicately-colored faces of the better class to the swarthy and almost repulsive countenances of the gipsies. The costumes are equally interesting and effective in color, even when they are little else than rags. When, as is usually the case, Mr. Hall introduces fruit and flowers in his Spanish figure pictures, his mastery of the three specialties which he has chosen becomes especially manifest.

J. T. CROPSEY.

Across Broadway, and a little further up, in the upper story of the book-store of G. P. Putnam & Son, we find the cozy studio of Mr. Cropsey. Although popularly regarded as among our veteran artists, he has by no means and in no degree lost the skill as a colorist, and especially as a painter of the brilliant hues of our autumnal forests, which in former years gave him a name, when there were fewer rivals than now. He has a summer residence and studio back of Newburgh, in the romantic Wauweanda Valley, from which locality he has brought back several sketches and nearly-finished pictures. Whether there or here, he enjoys in his artistic labors the society and appreciative sympathy of his pleasant and cultivated family. His last pictures have about the same characteristics as those of his earlier days. An autumnal scene just painted, which we saw in his studio, illustrated this. Simple in its composition—a quiet stream, back of which the mountains rise all around—the hazy, dreamy atmosphere, seemingly holding in solution the rich colors of the foliage, would have enabled us to identify the authorship of the picture any where. Mr. Cropsey is now engaged on a large picture of the Hudson as seen near Fishkill.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Residence for the Clerk of the Weather—"The Clearing-House."

Literary.—We have the highest authority for announcing that the forthcoming novel, "Drowned in Sherry," by the author of "Wrecked in Port," is in active preparation.

Disgusting Meanness—To tan a dog's hide with his own bark.

A little girl attending a party was asked by her mother how she enjoyed herself. "Oh," said she, "I am full of happiness. I couldn't be no happier unless I could grow."

A damsel of Celtic origin entered a grocery store and asked for a bottle of them things up there, pointing to a shelf filled with luxuries, etc. The clerk, anxious to supply her wants, asked which she meant; but her memory was at fault. A bright thought struck her at last. "Oh!" said she, "it's a bottle of frolics I mane," and receiving a bottle of capers she went her way rejoicing.

REFLECTIONS BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

Domestic love may be very sweet, but when I look at my brother's family it strikes me that it is also very dear.

The complexion of a girl of the period differs from a railway season-ticket—the one is, and the other is not, transferable.

I love to see little children eating unaccustomed delicacies, and my heart rejoices as I think of the Nemesis of the family doctor awaiting them.

Mistrust the woman who, when a glass of wine is spilt over her dress, smiles, and says it doesn't matter.

The taste for sweets prevails in all of us long after childhood—nay, even in old age every one wishes to be worth a plum.

Curious how this life resembles billiards—kisses and misses are generally found near together!

We hear much of the balance of power, the balance of happiness, and the balance of comfort; but, to my thinking, the most effective balance of all is to be found at your bankers'.

A cramped waist generally betokens brains in a similar condition.

When I look upon a party of young people, I console myself with the thought that, after all, my skull is as good-looking as any of theirs, and that's what it must resolve itself in at last!

A man entered a furniture store and said: "Have you any old furniture?" "No, Sir; but we can make you some," was the answer. This reminds one of the Englishman in a restaurant who called for stale bread. "We have none, my lord." "Make some, then—I will wait."

The surest way to destroy Weeds—Marry a widow.

An Ingenious Device.—A widow occupying a large house in a fashionable quarter of London sent for a wealthy solicitor to make her will, by which she disposed of between £50,000 and £60,000. He proposed soon after, was accepted, and found himself the happy husband of a penniless adventuress.

Too True!—The man who is awfully *urbane* to his wife before strangers is generally also "*her bane*" behind their backs!

A "Ladies' Supplement"—Crinoline!

How to "Serve" a Dinner—Eat it.

A very One-Horse Affair—The taking of Troy.

A man up in Berkshire had company to dine one day, and when all were seated at the table his little son deliberately folded his hands and with a solemn face asked a blessing. When he had finished the little fellow looked around the table and innocently said, "Father does this when nobody is here."

Paris Green—The fellow who ran away with Helen.

Useful Domestic Cookery—Making both ends "meat."

A Misnomer.—"*Idle* reports," contrary to what the name would imply, are always extremely *busy!*

Delightful Devotion to Science.—There is a story, perhaps forgotten by all but men who were students at a certain college near thirty years ago, of an enthusiastic professor of entomology not celebrated for his exercise of hospitality, who was so delighted at the arrival of an eminent pursuer of insects that he invited him to board and bed in chambers. Next morning Dr. Macfly greeted his guest, "And how did ye sleep the nicht, Mester Beehemoth?" "Not very well; strange bed, perhaps! But—" "Ah," quoth the doctor, eagerly, "ye were just bitten by something, eh?" "Well, to tell you the truth, doctor, I was." "Just think of that! Bitten, war ye? Now, can you say it was any thing at all noteworthy that bit you? Peculiar, eh?" "Fleas, I *think*. But such devils for biting I never met in my life." "I should think so, indeed" (with great glee). "They're Sicilian fleas; *I imported them myself!*"

Making a Clean Sweep—Giving him a Turkish bath.

Suspended Animation—A Performer on the *trapeze*.

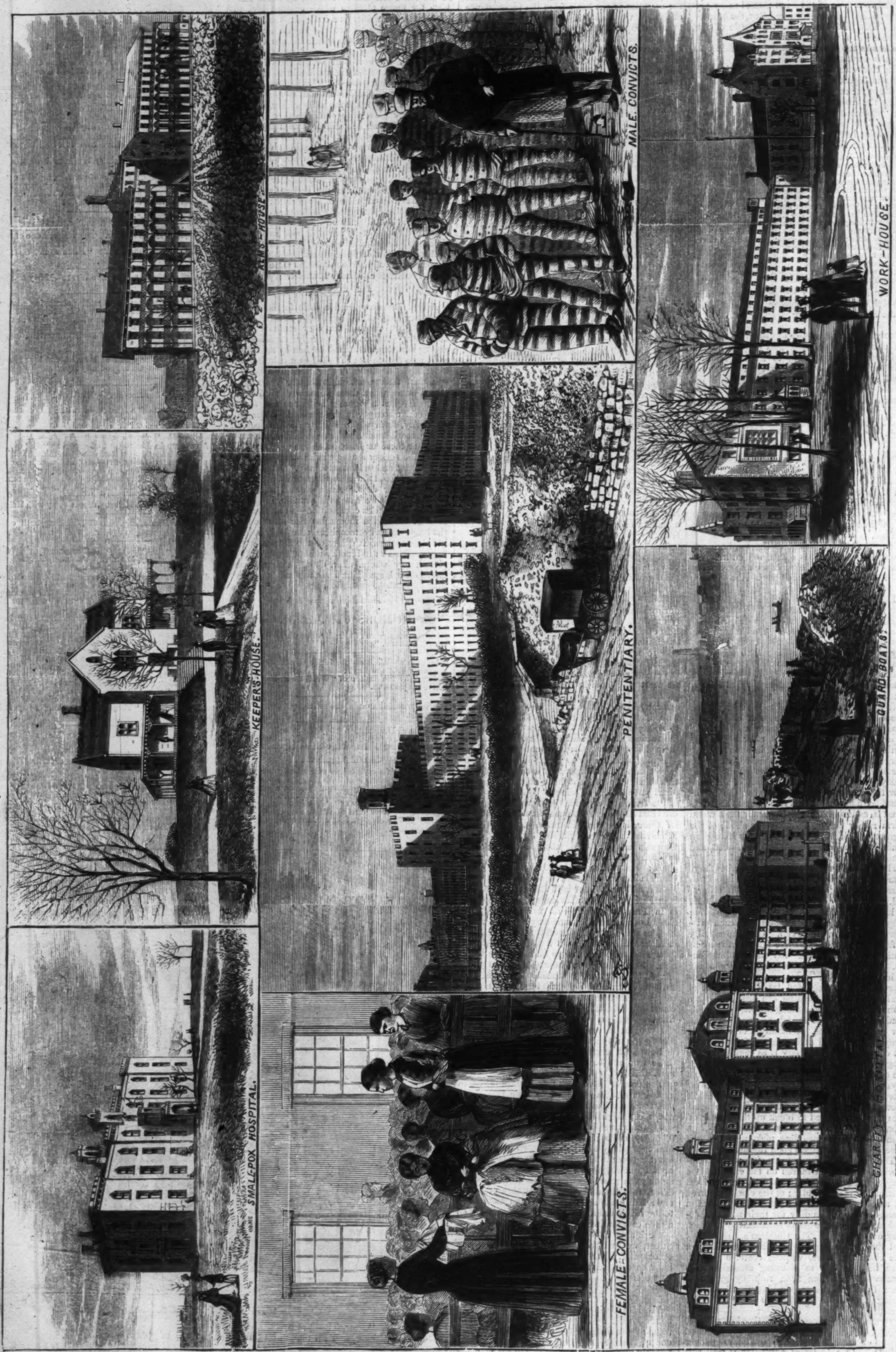
Two friends met the other day in the street. "What a shocking bad hat you wear!" exclaimed one of them. "My dear friend, I wear it only because I love my own liberty." "But what on earth has your liberty to do with the hat?" "Oh, a great deal. My wife has sworn she would never walk out with me as long as I should wear such a hat!"

"THERE'S THE RUB."

Owner. "Now, Tim, put a Good Coat on him."

Tim. "Shure, and I'll make him Shine like the Top of your Anner's Head."

[*His "Anner" considers it Personal, and objects to the Simile.*



VIEW OF THE PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF CHARITY AND CORRECTION ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, EAST RIVER, NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 91.]

HERON STRANGLED BY AN EEL.—[SKETCHED BY S. CARTER.]

A HERON STRANGLED BY AN EEL.

MR. S. CARTER, an English artist whose sketch we have engraved, states that this singular encounter took place on December 5, at a stream much frequented by herons, near Gooderstone Water-mill, in Norfolk. The strange gestures of the bird had attracted the attention of a miller named COBBIN, who came up to it and found it expiring. The heron, it seems, had pierced with its lower mandible an eel through the gullet, when the eel, on being struck, coiled itself tightly round the heron's neck in such a knot as to completely strangle its enemy, to which, however, the miller dealt an unnecessary blow on the head with his stick. But, on discovering the strange nature

THE MUSIC LESSON.

of the incident, he forwarded the heron and eel, without disturbing their relative positions, to Mr. ELLISS, a skillful naturalist at Swaffham, by whom they are now preserved, just as they were found; and they are to form part of the collection of Mr. TYSSEN AMHURST, at Didlington Hall, on whose estate, very near the spot where the heron and eel were found, is the heronry, of which Mr. CARTER lately supplied an illustration. The drawing now engraved was made by Mr. CARTER from the victims in the flesh, before they were skinned for stuffing. The heron, which is a fine female, proved to be in good condition, and very fat. The eel measured 21 inches in length and weighed 8½ oz.

A NEW STAR.

A FEW words about the new star, which suddenly appeared, or rather, was suddenly observed, in a portion of the heavens where it was known that no such star was visible up to a very recent period.

The honor of this interesting discovery is due to a French engineer, M. Courbebaisse, who has already, as an amateur astronomer, acquired some distinction, as having called attention to the fact that one of the stars of the third magnitude, in the constellation known as the Northern Crown, increases occasionally in brilliancy until it becomes worthy to be ranked as a star of the second magnitude, diminishing again in splendor until it almost, if not entirely, disappears from view.

The newly-discovered star was first observed by M. Courbebaisse in the Balance, early in the morning of the 20th November, 1868; and, knowing how many watchful eyes are continually scanning the heavens at every favorable moment, he lost not an instant in announcing his discovery to the astronomical world.

It has been established, by well-grounded reasoning, that light travels at the enormous speed of nearly ten millions of miles in a minute. Astronomers tell us further, that the distance of some of the visible heavenly bodies is such, that a ray of light from them requires two millions of years to reach this globe; so that the extraordinary fact is presented to us that countless ages before the appearance of these starry phantoms upon this our earth, their bodies may have passed into space and have ceased to have their being; and, as a necessary corollary, the whole of the star-spangled vault may be but the image of that which has been. Truly, if astronomical science is well calculated to excite our admiration of the power of man's mind, it is just as well calculated to impress us with a sense of his littleness.

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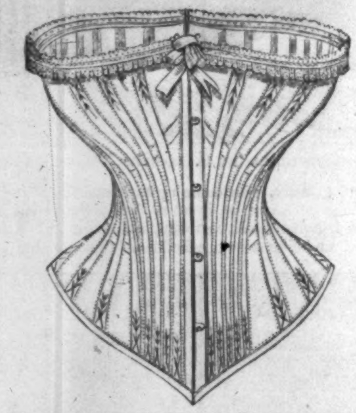

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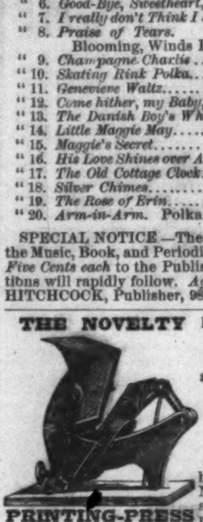

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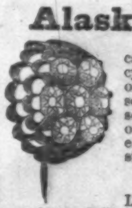

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